

HUNTING ON THE
KENAI PENINSULA

M. L. P.

1913



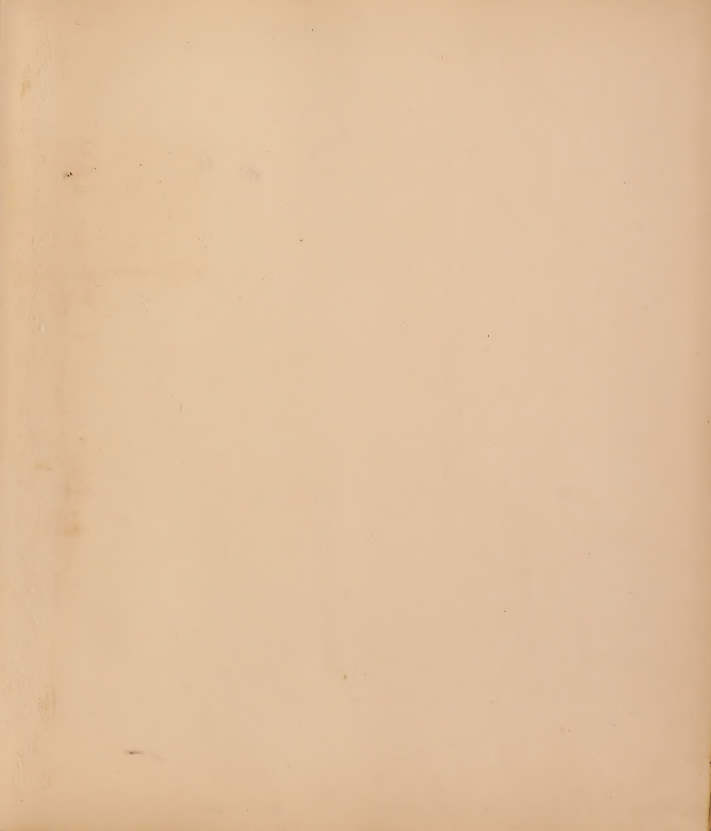
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EX-LIBRIS
WILSON POTTER





- (1) The rarest book on Alaska
- (2) The rarest American sporting book
- (3) The rarest book illustrated with original photographs

one of only 3 copies

The author: Morris E. Parrish -
outstanding bibliophile

This book is one of only three copies printed -
and there is only one edition.
As such it is perhaps the rarest American
sporting book - and the rarest book on Alaska.
This was formal part of the sporting library
of the late Col. Wilson Patten. His sporting
bookplate is inside the front cover.

There are 100 pages and 168 illustrations.
Morris E. Parrish was the Philadelphia
Bibliophile. Colonel Patten accompanied
Mr. Parrish on the hunting trip of which this
book is a memento. August 19 to October 20, 1912.

As Morris E. Parrish was graduated
from college in 1888, he must have been
about 46 years of age in 1912.

(Phillips shows Parrish born in 1867 which would make him 45 in 1912)

HUNTING ON THE KENAI PENINSULA

A DAILY DIARY
ILLUSTRATED WITH SOME PHOTOGRAPHS



BY
MORRIS L. PARRISH



PHILADELPHIA, PA:
1913
PRIVATELY PRINTED.

August 19, 1912 (*Monday*).

Daniel came for me at the office at 5 o'clock, and the car took Bowden and me to North Philadelphia Station. We left on the Pennsylvania Flier at 5.37. Had an excellent dinner and a comfortable trip.



August 20, 1912 (*Tuesday*).



ARRIVED in Chicago on time, at 8.55 A. M. (Western time). Went straight to the Blackstone Hotel, where I met Wilson Potter. He had our tickets from Chicago to Seattle, over the Northern Pacific Railroad, so I gave them to Bowden, with instructions to transfer all our luggage from the

parks, passing the University of Chicago, which is one of Mr. Rockefeller's pets. We then visited the Field Museum of Natural History, which occupies the Art



BLACKSTONE HOTEL,
CHICAGO



DUNKEN GARDEN,
WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO

Pennsylvania Railroad Station to the Northern Pacific Railroad Station. Potter and I then took a ride in a taxicab. We went through Washington and Jackson

Building of the Columbian Exhibition, but which is later to have its own magnificent home, the model of which we saw. It would take days to see all the wonders here displayed, so we confined ourselves to the animals. The difference between the old and new methods of taxidermy is plainly shown by the lifelike poses now given the animals and birds, which are in striking contrast to the straight and stilted poses formerly used. We lunched at the Blackstone with two friends of Potter's, Owen and Thorne. I then went to the railroad station, as Bowden informed us that the luggage man wouldn't check a large canvas package containing tents, clothes and other things. This was finally arranged and then we went to the University Club, at Mr. Owen's invitation. We had a Turkish bath and played a few rubbers of auction. It is a handsome clubhouse. The ground floor facing the lake is occupied by shops, but the remainder of the twelve-story building is devoted entirely to the club's uses. It contains bedrooms, racquet and squash courts, a swim-

ming pool and Turkish bath, billiard and card rooms, ladies' restaurant, library, a wonderfully handsome club-room, and the most beautiful dining-room I ever saw in a clubhouse. The scheme of the latter was suggested by some famous old English room. It has a very high ceiling, with enormous windows, the narrow casements of



CHICAGO UNIVERSITY



FIELD MUSEUM
NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO

A curious sight at Chicago was to see, all day long in Grant Park, which is the open space along Lake Michigan, hundreds of men stretched out at full length on the grass. They seemed to prefer this method of lounging to the numerous benches which lined the parks.

which are set with colored glass. We dined at the Blackstone with Mr. Owen and two friends of his, and took the 10 P. M. train from the new Northwestern Railway Station. This is a fine building, with a particularly pleasing waiting room, finished in green marble. Very large and appropriate. We had a drawing-room and spent a comfortable night.



CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R. R. STATION—MODERN AND BEAUTIFUL

August 21, 1912 (Wednesday).



E ARRIVED in St. Paul at 10:30 A. M., but remained only half an hour. The station is old and inadequate. I had stopped in St. Paul some 20 years before with Harry Patterson, when on my way to North Dakota on a shooting trip for prairie chickens.

They say it is a beautiful city now.

I talked to a lady from Cincinnati this morning. She told me she was a bookkeeper, and was taking her vacation of two weeks on a trip to the Bitter Root Valley in Montana as a prospective purchaser of an apple orchard. She and her sister live alone in the suburbs of Cincinnati. They have a little property, and are thinking of investing about half of it in this manner. She is close to fifty, and



MINNEAPOLIS
FROM THE TRAIN



ST. PAUL,
AT THE
R. R. STATION

it was quite interesting to see how she had thought the matter out. Their intention was to go out there to live and take personal charge. She was very mild-mannered, and seemed quite equal to the undertaking. The sister at home had first suggested the idea, but being entirely unsophisticated had left its investigation and the final decision to my traveling companion.

At Big Lake something happened to our engine, and we had to lay by on a siding until relief came. This and other delays made us three hours late when we arrived at Fargo. An old farmer on the train told us that he had been at Fargo 36 years before, when there were just six houses. It has about 16,000 population now.

In the evening a passenger went through the train taking a straw vote. This was the result: Wilson, 27; Roosevelt, 24; Taft, 17; Debs, 2. Two passengers wouldn't express an opinion.



TWO FELLOW TRAVELLERS ON
STATION PLATFORM AT
GLENDEIVE, MONT.

through the "bad lands," and the buttes are curious in their shapes and coloring. They are high, conical formations of sand, and some of the colors remind one of shades seen in the Grand Cañon. We have been following the course of the muddy Yellowstone River for many hours, crossing and recrossing it. After leaving Billings, the scenery grew more picturesque, more mountainous, the farms more prosperous looking and more frequent. Along here the water in the river gradually cleared, until late in the afternoon the mud was entirely gone, and we saw some men fishing. We saw no boats at any time.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is in fine shape, some

August 22, 1912 (Thursday).



WO blankets were a necessity during the night, and this morning is clear, with a fine breeze. We have encountered more delays, and are now about five hours late. The conductor assures us that this is the first time the train has been late this season. For this we must take his word and be contented.

To bed at 9 and up at 6. This is the way it should always be. Surely it was intended that the dark should be the time for sleep.

The ride yesterday was mostly through flat farming land and rather monotonous. This morning we are passing



AT BILLINGS, MONTANA



CUSTER FROM STATION PLATFORM

double track, a great deal of stone ballast and good steel bridges and heavy rails. At Custer, at 3 o'clock to-day, the thermometer registered 91 degrees in the shade. This station is about 40 miles from the scene of the famous Indian massacre. We were six hours late, so got to Livingston after dark.

To-night it is cool again. I read Dicken's "Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," for the first time, I think. It is nice. I also read "No Thoroughfare," which is dramatic in its intense interest.

Yesterday much of our way lay past the fertile valleys of soil reclaimed by irrigation, with bare low mountains on either side.

August 23, 1912 (Friday).



O-DAY we are passing through much wilder country, high and mountainous, with great tracts of timber land. It is a great mining country. Butte, which we passed in the night, being the great center. Lake Pend d'Oreille is a fine body of water, whose shores we skirted for some 25

miles.

This morning the pleasant, talkative colored barber was shampooing my hair. I said rather sadly, "There is very little of it left." His answer was in a most cheerful tone, "Yes, sir, but what remains is of very fine quality," and added that things in life were very apt to equalize themselves.



SPOKANE,
FROM THE STATION

As we left Idaho and entered Washington the land became more fertile, and we passed many wheat fields. Spokane seemed quite a place, but it is difficult to gather much information during a 10-minute stop at a railroad station. There were, however, taxicabs, and as we passed

through I saw that all the streets, though we crossed them at grade, were asphalt paved and in good condition. After leaving Spokane we passed through miles and miles of rolling wheat country, followed by miles and miles of flat land, with apparently no vegetation save sage brush.



BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION,
NEAR TONGUE,
FROM MOVING TRAIN

It was as barren as the Mohave Desert, and equally as hot. This continued until we reached Pasco, at about 4.30 P. M. The thermometer in the shade on the observation platform registered 101, and inside the car 98. After leaving Pasco we entered the Yakima Valley and passed one long succession of fertile farms, all irrigated, with fine crops of alfalfa, wheat and corn, and with great peach and apple orchards, literally laden down with fruit. There are few shade trees. We are unfortunate in the lateness of our train, as much of the finest scenery we now pass at dark. One thing we have noticed particularly on the entire trip, and that is the universal politeness and good nature of all the employees of the railroad, both on the trains and in the stations, and the very general good humor and optimism of our fellow-travelers—most of whom are on business bent.



SEATTLE, FROM
QUEEN ANNE HILL

August 24, 1912 (Saturday).



WE ARRIVED at Seattle at 1.15 A. M., just five hours late, and went to the Washington Hotel, which is first class; had a good night's rest and a bath in remarkably cold water. In the morning I wrote letters and Potter attended to the luggage. At 1.30 we lunched at the Washington, which



HOTEL WASHINGTON, SEATTLE

is on the European plan. Seattle seems a wonderful city. We hired a motor and went to see what we could of it in our limited time. It runs up and down hill in the most surprising way, and the grades are terrific. There are small parks on the hills, and there is terrace after terrace of moderate-priced houses, detached, and many finer places, with large gardens, built on the slopes to the very tops of the surrounding hills. All these places have wonderful views of Puget Sound, the mountains and of Union



FOURTH AVENUE, SEATTLE, DURING REGRAIDING

and Washington lakes, on which the city is built. Washington Lake is 40 miles long. The Government is building a canal, about one-quarter mile long, connecting the lakes, and another canal connecting Union Lake with Puget Sound. This will make a fresh-water harbor in Washington Lake for the largest ships, and it is said will be one of the finest fresh-water harbors in the world. It was interesting to mentally compare the size of this ditch with that which I saw at Panama last winter. At Seattle, in all the parks, special attention



RESIDENTIAL SECTION, SEATTLE,
FROM CAPITOL HILL.

seems to be given to the children. There are large wading pools, which were new to me, in addition to other features.

We dined at the Rathskellar and sailed at 10.30 P. M. on the steamship *Alameda* for Seward, Alaska. She is not much of a ship (about 5000 tons), and old and shabby, but is said to be much the best that sails in these waters. She is not nearly full—only 72 passengers, I am told, though she can carry 200. We were fortunate in securing the choice rooms of the ship.

August 25, 1912 (Sunday).



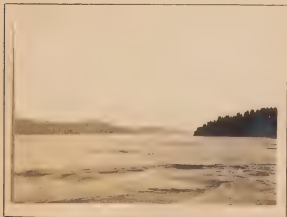
UCH refreshed, we were on deck early. There is a strange mixture of people; with one or two exceptions, distinctly Western. As we grow acquainted, of course, I will be less critical. There is a United States marshal for Alaska, a rough citizen, but one who has given me a lot of information about the

country; a doctor from California, going to Valdez to seek an opening; a lawyer from Seattle, on the round-trip for his health; a New York newspaper man, combining a little business with a rather long vacation; a very charming Canadian gentleman, an engineer going to investigate some mine; Mr. Birch, from New York, the manager of the Guggenheim Bonanza and other copper mines; an old chap, Lathrop by name, who owns the dock at Valdez, which had been damaged in a collision with the steamship *Mariposa*, and who was going up to investigate the accident; and many others. There are a few children and women; why, I don't yet know. The ride most of the day has been in sight of land; in a general

way, with British Columbia on the right and Vancouver Island on the left. Late in the day we came into narrower channels, and the high, green mountains on either side made an ever-interesting passage. There are many gulls about, and we saw one large flight of ducks. At times the salmon jump, and it is evident that there are large quantities of them near. The accommodations are



ANOTHER VIEW IN SEYMOUR NARROWS



IN SEYMOUR NARROWS FROM S. S. ALEWEDA

rather primitive and the food poor. The ship was built by the Cramps, in Philadelphia. One of her best features is the library, the books evidently being supplied by the builders, as it contains standard works only, most of them published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Brontë, Shakespeare, Dean Swift and others—but all in a lamentable state of repair.

It has been a beautiful day, warm in the sun, but with a very strong, cool breeze, making a coat almost a necessity. Quite cold at night. Breakfast, 8.00; lunch, 12.30; dinner, 5.30; that's the schedule, and, I add, bed at 9.30 for me.

August 26, 1912 (Monday).



ANOTHER fine day, but cooler. As I saw no one whose appearance denoted anything of special interest, I entered into conversation with every one who seemed at all approachable, feeling sure that eventually I would find some one entertaining. There are three, certainly gentlemen in appearance and manners, who play cards together. The youngest is named Mathews, and is about 40. He came formerly from Washington, D. C., and was connected with a Wall Street firm that failed. He has been for five years a resident of Vancouver, and is a promoter of mines, and he and the other two are, with the engineer of whom I wrote yesterday, all bound for Valdez on an inspection trip.

I have been reading Dickens' "Christmas Stories,"



IN GRENVILLE CHANNEL

and wrote some letters for the mail at Ketchikan, our first stop in Alaska, where we are expected to arrive about 10 P. M. Here we again change our watches, one hour back, making four hours' difference from home.

We had a narrow escape in the evening; so narrow that it makes me shudder when I think of it. Potter and I were walking around the deck, and stopped to ask the first officer how long we would stop at Ketchikan.

We three stood together, and some sailors were near us, making ready to hoist from the hold the freight that was to be landed. This necessitated the swinging around of various booms and chains. Suddenly, without warning, right at our very feet and almost between us dropped with a crash several links of an enormous piece of chain. It must have weighed 30 pounds. How it missed us I don't understand, and the consequences, should it have



TUG WITH LUMBER IN TOW
SOUTH OF PRINCE RUPERT

hit us, are unpleasant to think of. The officer treated the incident as a joke, remarking, "Had that struck a sailor he wouldn't have said a word." He said this in no spirit of bravado, as he was very nice, but just simply in the careless way in which every one takes things out here. There was no one on whom to fix the blame for the occurrence, as the chain had dropped from above from no apparent cause, although there had, of course, been carelessness somewhere. However, "All's well that ends well." The discipline and orderly neatness one sees on some Atlantic liners are here conspicuous only by their absence.

I went to bed at 9, so did not visit the thriving village of Ketchikan, 2000 inhabitants. We laid by all night, unloading and taking on freight, and the town kept open in our honor.

It would have been most interesting to have seen the salmon run located here.

August 27, 1912 (Tuesday).



STARTED in damp and cloudy. We left Ketchikan about 7 A. M., so I saw it not at all. It was a day of little incident, as the clouds obscured much of the view, and in the afternoon, when we sailed by some very high mountains on Barinof Island, it was difficult to distinguish the snow-

of mountains from a half mile to two miles or more distant. There are occasional little villages, painted white, looking very picturesque against their green backgrounds. Then there are lumber camps and many neat-looking, well-kept lighthouses. We also pass steamers like our own or smaller and some fishing boats or occasionally a little tug towing in its wake a great pile of lumber.

I talked with a Mr. Stewart, a banker from New York, who came here for his health five years ago, and having become interested financially, returns every year.



covered from the cloud-covered peaks. There is always something of interest, however, and we watched the gulls following the ship; then there were ducks, coots, hell divers, porpoises, dolphins, salmon, whales and an occasional eagle. We expected trouble (that is, some of us did) in crossing Dixon Entrance, which takes about two hours, but old ocean behaved very well, and few of us felt any the worse.

Generally speaking, our course lies between two ranges

He is specially anxious to have the Government build railroads and open up the coal lands (as is every one out here, for that matter), and has been appearing before a committee at Washington. Bearing on this, he said: "There is lots of coal in Alaska, and yet the United States Navy in the Pacific uses some coal brought from Wales!" There are many "pros" and "cons" about it all, as we know from the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, but that one fact just startles one!

August 28, 1912 (Wednesday).



COLD, damp and raining at intervals. We arrived at Juneau in the night and left about 5 A. M. I must hope to see both it and Ketchikan on the return voyage. We left our stated course to-day to deliver some freight and mail at a cannery in Excursion Inlet. It was a beautiful run, but too cloudy for photographs. The cannery was shut down, but we saw the machinery and got a general idea of how salmon are tinned for export. The whole process, from catching the fish to sealing them up in tin cans, is done here.



EXCURSION INLET



CANNERY IN EXCURSION INLET



ANOTHER VIEW OF CANNERY

We passed some wonderful mountains and an enormous glacier, probably Muir Glacier. I tried photographs, but am very doubtful of the results.

In the late afternoon we got outside in a hard rain-storm. Then the roll of the ship began to be felt. Most every one was at dinner. At bedtime, however, it was quite a sea, and such a night I never spent. I was not in the least sick (why, I don't know), but I never felt such rolling and pitching. It kept up all night, and I slept but little. The steward told me in the morning that he had seldom felt it so rough, and that the men's quarters below had been flooded, and that most of them had been up all night.



MOUNTAINS AT ENTRANCE
OF HARBOR AT CORDOVA

I talked with the most interesting person yet encountered: an old prospector, Peter Morris by name. He is employed by some New York capitalists in connection with a copper claim across Cook's Inlet, from the Kenai Peninsula. Last winter he went some 500 miles from Seward on snowshoes into the claim as the steamship people wouldn't take him across the inlet in winter. It took over a month. He said it was absolutely necessary for him to make the trip, as there were men there working for him.

He told me that back in the early 80's when he was in the hardware business at Fargo, N. D., he had



TAKEN OFF ICEY POINT

August 29, 1912 (Thursday).



T QUIETED down around breakfast time and the weather cleared. Such a magnificent range of snow-covered mountains as we passed on the way to Cordova! nothing could have been like them, as shining white in the sunlight they apparently came straight down to the water's edge. They were miles away, and what was probably Sheridan Glacier appeared like a great white river dividing the range (Chugach Mountains).



NEAR VIEW OF SAME

driven Charles Reade, the novelist, to the J. L. Grandon wheat farm in North Dakota. Mr. Reade had been sent as one of a committee by the British Government to investigate the reasons why America could send wheat over to England in competition with the English farmer. After Reade had seen the place and the methods in vogue he said, "Why, it is ridiculous for England to ever think of competing with them here; they will be baking biscuits with this wheat in London before the harvest is completed here." This ranch was ten miles square and complete in every detail. On one side the railroad, and on the other the Red River. There was a big barge, which carried

the grain straight to the Fargo elevators and thence it went to St. Paul, New York and England. The old fellow is fond of reading, and thinks there are no authors to compare with Shakespeare and Dickens. The latter, he said, was the first author to make a hero from the lower classes. He had read Reade's books, too, and had had many a pleasant talk with the author about them.

He told me that when Jay Cooke was building the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1871 an Englishman came to him who claimed that he was Lord Gordon Gordon. He said he wanted to go over the line of the railroad and lay out factory sites and start sheep ranches on the prairies adjacent to it. Cooke gave him a special train, and Gordon came on to St. Paul with servants and a great retinue and stopped at the Merchants' Hotel all winter. He hung it and the Merchants' Bank up for a large sum of money (said to have been \$100,000). He finally fled to Winnipeg and afterwards committed suicide in Lake of the Woods. The London police had heard of him, and had traced to him the robbery of a great jewelry store in London. He was under arrest for this when he killed himself. He was an impostor, who had assumed a name of which there was no record in England.



CORDOVA



DOCK AT CORDOVA

We stopped at Cordova this afternoon. The little town is picturesquely located in a valley about half a mile from the dock. It has a population of about 1200. The Copper River Railroad runs from here to the great Bonanza copper mines owned by the Guggenheims, who also built and own the railroad. This road cost \$20,000,000 and is about 200 miles long. Mr. Birch, the Guggenheim manager, gave us much information about the situation in Alaska. He lives in New York, and we liked him very much.

I sent a cable to mother from here, to the Hot Springs, Va.—\$3.40 for ten words. Everything is high here; 15 cents for a glass of soda water, 10 cents for the daily paper, etc.

The photographs I took will show something of the country, which is mountainous and very wild. There have been six wrecks of steamers in Prince William Sound in the last ten years. Two of these we saw very plainly. There has been very little loss of life, as it is almost always possible to beach the boat, the shore being generally so near at hand. We turned our watches back another hour, making five hours' difference.



PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND

August 30, 1912 (Friday).



WE ARRIVED at Valdez at midnight and left about 6 A. M., so saw nothing of it. We passed Fort Lisicum shortly after. This is a government station. Then, about 8 A. M., we passed Ellanor, where there is a copper mine, and we sent some freight ashore in a boat and collected the



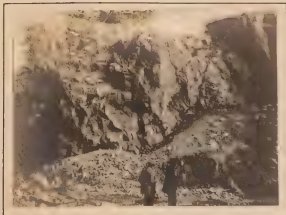
PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND

mail. We passed some wonderful white mountains and the wrecks of the steamers *Saratoga* and *Olympia*, the latter standing up as if she was merely at anchor.

Most of our passengers have left, and there are only about a dozen of us now bound for Seward. About 2 o'clock we landed at La Touche, an island, where is located the Beatson copper mine, one of the Guggenheim properties. Mr. Birch took us around and showed us the men's quarters and mess, and as much of the mine



IN PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND NEAR ELY ISLAND



BEATSON COPPER MINE
AT LA TOUCHE

as our limited time allowed. He was to stay there until the steamer's return from Seward, early in the morning, when he was going back to Cordova, to visit other properties.

Oil is taking the place of coal all over here. At both Cordova and La Touche were huge oil tanks, which Birch called "monuments to Pinchot." The steamers use



ANOTHER VIEW

oil, and any coal one sees comes from British Columbia. Every native wants news of the coal bill or other legislation relative to the country.

Yesterday, the girl behind the soda-water fountain, who came from Connecticut, said she would stay in Alaska only if the coal lands were opened. That's the thing that is to make the country. It is astonishing how



LA TOUCHE



A DEAD GLACIER BETWEEN LA TOUCHE AND SEWARD

little we, in the East, think of a thing that out here, to them, means their very existence. The coal lands were illegally closed by Roosevelt, though the Government afterward approved and made the proceeding law.

To-day was the clearest of the trip, and nothing could have exceeded the wonderful scenery. There was a great wall of gigantic peaks along the coast, some of them white, some rocky and some green, with numerous glaciers. The entrance to Resurrection Bay is inde-

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AT ENTRANCE OF
RESURRECTION BAY

scribable in its grandeur, and all the way up the bay to Seward, on both sides, rose these wonderful mountains. We landed about seven and went to the Coleman House, George Sexton, proprietor. Here I received two cables, one from mother and one from the office, "All well." Just before leaving the steamer a Mrs. Hansen spoke to me, who knew Sam and Cousin Jim. We met Simmons, who is to be our head guide, and, after some talk with him and some natives, all of whom impressed us favorably, we went early to our beds.

August 31, 1912 (Saturday).



AW and rainy. After a bath, of which I took the temperature—41 degrees—and an excellent breakfast at the Seward Bakery, we proceeded to take account of stock. Bowden packed all the things we shall need in camp into duffle bags, and the rest we are leaving here in our trunks. We then, at

Brown & Hawkins general store, bought our provisions and some other supplies, all to be packed ready for carrying, and delivered at the railroad station early Monday morning. The other guide, "Colonel" Revelle, arrived this morning. His title was bestowed because he once stole the uniform of the colonel of his regiment and wore it to a dance, for which he was locked up and expelled from the army. He, however, impressed us favorably. We are to have three packers, making a party of eight in all. Seward is an ugly little town of one- and two-storied wooden buildings. Fourth Avenue is the main street. It is well located, at the foot of the mountain, right on the shore, at the end of Resurrection Bay, about 12 miles from the entrance. The population has declined from about 1500 to 300 since the closing of the coal lands. Work on the Alaska Central Railroad, whose terminus is here, has been stopped after 72 miles have been completed. The road is not now operated, except for a gasoline car, which makes in summer the round trip daily except Sundays.

We were pretty much all day getting things fixed up, writing letters and sending cables. In the evening we went to a political meeting called to determine what course Seward should take in regard to the election of a senator from the Third Judicial Division of Alaska under the new home rule bill. It was decided to hold a primary

for the selection of a candidate, all the citizens pledging themselves to support such candidate unanimously. There is great rivalry between Seward, Valdez and Cordova, so Seward decided to get its candidate in the field first, and, from all we hear, very wisely, too. There were many speeches, most of them well delivered and intelligent, followed by much discussion. There was one man, an old "blowhard, know-it-all," they called him, who caused a great laugh. It was voted to have a non-partisan primary—this term was evidently new to him—and he launched right out in a speech against it, "no non-Protestant primary for him; he was against it, and he wanted every one to know it." After the meeting Mr. Duncan Stewart (whom I had met on the steamer) was called, and he made a capital address, telling the meeting of his experiences in Washington during the winter, where he had gone as the representative of Seward to endeavor to have legislation favorable to Alaska hurried through Congress, and especially to exploit Seward's superior claims as the only open harbor, and therefore as the logical terminus of any railroad through to the Yukon River to open up the country. He told the meeting that, while things moved slowly, the outlook was more hopeful, and that he believed better things were in store. He then introduced Mr. Otto Hansen, who spoke on the same lines, and was well received.

When we got back to the hotel Mr. Sexton asked us to play poker for a while, which we did, with him and four other residents, all pleasant gentlemen. They play table stakes, each player starting with \$5.00, one joker, which counts only in straights and flushes, and will better an ace. The dealer antes, and any player may come in again after he passes, providing, of course, there has been no bet made previously. At 1 o'clock we went to bed, but I am afraid the game continued much longer. I won a little and Potter lost about the same amount.

September 1, 1912 (Sunday).



LEAR and colder. I spent the entire morning writing. Mr. Sexton mentioned a curious coincidence. He had never before heard the name Parrish, but since I had been at the hotel he had had occasion to forward a telegram to a man in Juneau, which was signed Parrish, and he had received a letter from a man named Parrish in Oregon. He is a very interesting man. In the season of 1898 he was the first man to get a scow into Dawson with fresh vegetables. His load consisted of onions and potatoes, three bales of rope, eggs, lemons, cheese and apples. He got 65 cents a



SEWARD FROM
BOAT LANDING

pound for onions and potatoes, which cost him 2 cents a pound. He got \$2.75 a pound for 669 pounds of rope, which cost him 11 cents a pound; \$145 a case for eggs and lemons, which cost him \$2.75 a case. He took in about \$14,000 altogether. It cost him \$4752 to land at the dock at Dawson stuff which had cost \$600 in Seattle, so his net profit was nearly \$9000. He had ten men with him, and he had promised them a chicken dinner each if they would stay with him until the scow was unloaded. Chicken dinners were then worth \$7.50 apiece. Three days afterward chicken dinners were worth \$2.00, having declined in price because of the arrival of several other scows with poultry, etc., on board. Potatoes and onions declined to 10 cents a pound, and eggs and lemons proportionately.

In the afternoon I took a few pictures and walked

around the town, taking things easy, preparatory to an early start in the morning.

Mr. Sexton told me that in his experience of twelve years in Alaska there had been 57 wrecks between Seattle and Unalaska.

In the evening we called on Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. They have a very nice little house—the best in Seward.



RESURRECTION BAY FROM BOAT LANDING AT SEWARD, U.S. REVENUE CUTTER MANNING AT ANCHOR



COLEMAN HOUSE,
GEO. SEXTON IN
FOREGROUND

Mr. and Mrs. Hansen were there. Stewart is Irish and Mrs. Stewart is, I think, a Canadian. She is a particularly agreeable woman. I met in Seward a man named Whittlesley—Princeton, '76. He is a lawyer, living there now in a little one-room shack. He asked after Dr. VanLennep, Madison Taylor and other Princetonians of his time.

September 2, 1912 (Monday).



WE GOT up early. Another rainy day. At 8 o'clock we all—Andy, Colonel, Fritz the cook, Bob and Henry (packers) and Bowden—assembled on the steamship dock, which is also the railroad station, and put the luggage, done up in packs and duffle bags, into the little gasoline car, which



SITE OF OUR FIRST CAMP

resembled, somewhat, one of our local trolley cars. There were several other passengers. We appeared in our camping clothes, for the first time, woolen underwear, heavy flannel shirt, thick woolen socks to the knee, riding breeches extended down to the ankles, very high shoes with hob nails, Norfolk jacket, silk handkerchief and soft felt hat with brim. We arrived at Mile 23½ (Alaska Central Railroad), on Kenai Lake, at 9.30. Here the gasoline launch and three rowboats awaited us. We lunched at the Roosevelt Road House, right at the station. The nicest, singing, bustling landlady, Mrs. Roberts, gave us a very good meal, and we left about 12 in the launch, towing the rowboats behind. The scenery through Lake Kenai was impressive beyond words. The lake, 25 miles in length, seemed simply dropped down between two gigantic winding parallel

ranges, many of the peaks being entirely covered with snow. After crossing the lake we continued some three miles down Kenai River, where we left the launch and took to the boats, as the water from here on runs very fast, and there are several rapids to be taken, when the man at the oars stands up. The men rowed facing down stream. At dusk, in a pouring rain, we pitched our camp in some timber close to the river bank.

It was wonderful to see the men get the camp ready. One made a fire, and, as it had been raining for a couple of days, that seemed very difficult, but he started with birch bark and moss off a spruce bough, and gradually built it up. Two others got to work with axes and cleared a place for the tents, cut poles and sticks and forks of wood on which to hang the pots over the fire, while Bowden and the cook brought the tents and provisions



ROOSEVELT ROAD HOUSE ON
KENAI LAKE AT MILE 23½,
ALASKA, NORTHERN P. C.

from the boats. Potter says in all his experience he has never had a better class of men. They work hard and all get along so well together. The only signs of life we passed on the way were a few camps of prospectors and placer miners. One of these whose camp was near ours walked over in the evening. He proved to be from Philadelphia, and his name was Roberts, but I couldn't place him. We have air mattresses and sleeping bags, and were perfectly comfortable during the night.

September 3, 1912 (Tuesday).



AINY again. We got up at 5.30, washed in the river, had breakfast, and the men broke up the camp, packed everything and we were off by 7. Our route was down the Kenai River, about 16 miles, to Lake Shilak, a beautiful trip, over many rapids, which the men took with the greatest

eagles, fish ducks, cormorants and broad bills. After rowing four miles across Lake Shilak, we landed at Cotton Wood Creek for lunch at 11.30. The men here cut masts and, by using tents and a tarpaulin, each rowboat was fitted with a sail, and at 1 o'clock we started down the lake, about nine miles, to Kings County Creek, our camping ground for the night. We offered a prize of \$5.00 to the first boat in, and toward the end the wind gave out, so every one took to the oars, and it was



SECOND CAMP ON SHILAK LAKE
AT KING'S COUNTY CREEK

ease and skill. We were in flat-bottomed boats. On either side were the mountains, some covered with cottonwood and birch trees, the latter turning a bright yellow, which, together with the red fire weed, made a brilliant display on both banks. All along we passed numbers of dead salmon, which yearly go up the river to spawn. The change from the salt to the fresh water and their struggles to reach the heads of the streams against the current kills them, and none of them ever returns to the sea. There were hundreds of birds all the way down—gulls,

a terrific struggle. Henry's boat with Fritz and Bowden in it, won. It was a fine sail, and we arrived at 4 o'clock.

The land here is much flatter, and is good moose country. The weather had partly cleared, and the tents were put up in short order. The guides made a table and some stools. It is certainly remarkable to see how many different things they can do to make life in the woods comfortable to a "cheechalker." The flies have bothered us very little so far.

September 4, 1912 (Wednesday).



PAT 5.15 and off at 7.20. Our route was over the Kings County trail, so called from a party of prospectors who came from Kings County, N. Y., in 1898, but found no gold. The Kings County Mining Company was formed in New York in 1898, and about 60 members of it, in search of gold, came out to Coal Bay, on Cook's Inlet (which



OUR PACK TRAIN RESTING
ON KING'S COUNTY TRAIL.

was full of ice) in wintertime and started to cross the Kenai Peninsula to Crow Creek, across Turnagain Arm. They got discouraged, and the party disbanded around here, and most of them having built boats on Shilak Lake, went to Kenai, and thence home or to other places. There are but two or three survivors of the expedition in Alaska, but all along its trail even now one finds parts of its outfit, old wheelbarrows, picks, parts of sledges, shovels, pans and other things. The officers of the company were: Alexander Campbell, president;

Thomas P. Weatherell, vice-president; Nathan A. Turner, secretary; Joseph R. Deen, assistant treasurer; H. W. Rozell, treasurer. Trustees: Solomon Blog, C. F. Carroll, L. S. Card, M. A. Downing, W. B. Hurd, Emile About.

We were in a valley between high hills covered with



THE SAME ON THE MARCH

birch, cottonwood, cedar, spruce and scrub willow. The moose feed principally on willow and birch. We shot with our little 22 rifle about 10 spruce partridge (fool hens) and a large porcupine. The men each carried a pack weighing from 60 to 90 pounds. Bowden and Potter alternated, and I endeavored to get myself safely along. It was hard work, and when I had negotiated the 10 miles to our camping ground I was pretty well tired out. We arrived at 1.30. After lunch the two packers, Bob and Henry, and Fritz the cook, went back to Camp No. 2, at the mouth of Kings County Creek, where we

had left our boats, to return to-morrow with another load of our things, as there had been too much stuff to carry on one trip. In the afternoon I rested, and Potter went out with his rifle and glasses to look over the surrounding country. He returned about six and reported having seen, out of range, three moose, one a fine bull, pretty well cleaned, one sheep and a black bear. Colonel made us a fine stew of the partridges and we had an excellent supper.

This is mother's birthday, and I drank her health in a cup of very good coffee, which is the strongest thing we



"TAKING A SPILL"
ON THE SAME TRAIL

have with us. It is nice sitting around the fire every evening and listening to the guides' hunting stories.

Temperature at 8 o'clock, 50 degrees. It was starlight when we went to bed, but it rained hard later in the night, and when we got up in the morning it was blowing a gale.

September 5, 1912 (Thursday).



ABOUT 8 o'clock Potter went off with Andy. Colonel and I took a different course. We walked to Big Moose Lick, about three miles, and it was the hardest walking imaginable. We stepped over fallen trees, through bogs and marshes, high red-top grass, and sometimes we sank above our ankles in the soft moss, which is very abundant and dense and of beautiful colors, green, gray and sometimes red. Once we heard a bark, and stopped at a tent belonging to a trapper called Red Standifer. There was a little dog inside, but he wouldn't come out. Colonel got him some water and cut a piece of meat for him from a part of a moose that was hanging up. The trail we fol-

lowed was a moose trail, and it is remarkable how clean these animals cut their paths in some places. Big Moose Lick is a natural moose lick, evidently of saline deposit, and has been in use by the animals for generations; in some places they have cut the surface off for two feet. We saw no game, the moose at this time of the year frequenting the lick only at night and in the early evening and morning. We got in about 1, I in much better shape than yesterday, even after several mishaps, including a fall into a creek. Potter returned about 5, having seen a brown bear and a black bear across the Kelley River and five moose, of which two were small bulls with their horns partially cleaned. The three packers returned and went back for another load. Colonel saw a cow moose in the evening, a long distance away.

I read "The Chimes" this afternoon. Temperature 8 P. M., 41 degrees.



OUR THIRD CAMP,
20 MILES FROM LAKE SHILSA,
ON KING'S COUNTY TRAIL.

September 6, 1912 (Friday).



LIGHT A. M., 43 degrees, cloudy. It had rained during the night, though the stars were shining when we went to bed. There is a noisy little brook running right by our camp with delicious cold water, which registered 40 degrees to-day. Still no flies to speak of, and we can't understand it. We are to move our camp to-morrow, and waited this morning till the packers got back from Camp No. 2 with a collapsible boat of Colonel's, which we will need in order to cross Kelley River on the way to the new camp, seven miles away. After lunch, as it was raining hard, I stayed

around the camp and read "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "Dombey and Son." The five men started with packs and the boat. They will leave all these things at the river bank and then return here. Potter went along with his rifle.

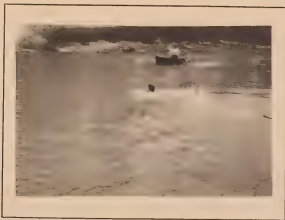
They saw no game and when they got back this evening they were all drenched, but they thought nothing of it and proceeded to get supper. Afterward they took off their wet clothing, one article at a time, and dried it over a fire, apparently just because they had nothing else to do.

The weather has been most unfavorable for photographs, snapshots being out of the question. Potter and I have a large tent together, with plenty of room for our belongings and our two sleeping bags. Temperature at 8 P. M., 40 degrees.

September 7, 1912 (Saturday).



TEMPERATURE at 7 A.M., 43 degrees. It rained hard all night, and was very cloudy this morning. At 8.30 we broke camp and each man carried a pack, Potter and Bowden alternating, and I excepted. We reached the Kelley River at 10.30, where we found the boat and the stuff carried there yesterday. Potter offered Bob \$25 if he would swim across the river. He did it. It is about 25



BOB SWIMMING ACROSS
KELLEY RIVER. TEMPERATURE
OF WATER 38°

yards wide, and I took the temperature of the water at 38 degrees. We left the boat at the river till our return next month. We proceeded on our way with numerous stops, as the loads were heavy and the trail very bad. For lunch we had a cup of tea only, and arrived at Camp No. 4 (on a hill about four miles west of Kelley River) at 4 o'clock. The last half or so of the route was through a different sort of country from any yet encountered, it being mostly up steep hills through high timber and tall grass, very often with no trail marked at all. I stumbled over fallen logs hidden by the long

grass, but always seemed to land on my feet, and got through the eight miles in fine shape. The rest yesterday was what I needed. The new camp is picturesquely located on a hill overlooking a marshy meadow, in which runs a little stream about 50 feet below us. On a hill beyond, on which the guides saw three moose shortly after our arrival, we shot a half-dozen spruce grouse for supper. The flies and mosquitoes are very thick to-day. We



"COLONEL" ROWING ACROSS
KELLEY RIVER IN
COLLAPSIBLE BOAT

shot a bull, weighing about 1500 pounds, for meat; the antlers measured 53 inches spread, 15 points on one side and 13 points on the other side. Each packer, being a prospector, is allowed two bulls a year, and of course Potter won't shoot one till he sees what he thinks is a record head. One bull they saw had a 60-inch spread, 13 points on one side and 12 on the other. Temperature at 9 P. M., 40 degrees. Clear at bedtime.



AROUND THE CAMP
FIRE AT NIGHT

expect to remain here for some time, as the sheep country may also be reached from this site.

For generations the moose have wandered through here. Wherever we go there are always their signs (tracks, beds, antlers and rubbed and broken trees) in great quantities, and bear signs also, though less frequently. Potter went out with Henry, and when they returned reported they had seen 15 moose and one black bear. Henry



KELLEY RIVER ON WAY TO CAMP FOUR

September 8, 1912 (Sunday).

TEMPERATURE at 7 A.M., 44 degrees. This was a day of new experiences for me. To begin with, we had moose liver and bacon for breakfast, which was delicious. Then Potter and I and the two guides started to the place where they had left the moose carcass last evening, about a mile and a half up hills and through bogs, with no trail. I learned what a blazed trail was as the guides cut away timber to make a path, and chipped pieces of bark off the trees to mark the route. I soon saw my first moose, whose spread was about 40 inches. We came suddenly upon him in some timber. He was not 50 feet away, and he walked majestically out of sight. It gave me a strange sensation to see him in this way out in the wilds. We finally found the dead bull, and Potter and Andy set to work to trim him up, saving the head and all of him that was edible, about 800 pounds. While they were thus engaged, the Colonel and I went off to try for a shot at a black bear which we had seen some distance off, and, sure enough, we again saw him before long, walking along a ridge, feeding on blue berries. The wind was favorable, and we crept over the huge moss-covered meadow until we were about 50 yards away. About half the bear was visible on the sky line, and I took careful aim and missed! And the bear took to his heels and escaped!

The moss meadow was beautiful to a degree, some brilliant crimson leaves, yellow grass, white caribou moss, a sort of pine evergreen creeper with a black berry, and red blueberry plants filled with fruit, forming a perfect riot of color. As we walked over it our shoes sank to our ankles at every step. We got back to camp about 3, the guides packing some of the moose meat and leaving the rest covered with branches until another day. The scavengers here are eagles, ravens, magpies and camp robbers (apparently a kind of blue jay), and the guides say that as a rule they won't bother fresh meat, especially if it is covered over. We had moose steak for lunch, but the meat was so fresh it was very tough. Potter and Andy went out in the afternoon and returned about 7. They reported having seen five moose, one good bull among the number. Temperature at 9 P.M., 43 degrees. Weather clear.

September 9, 1912 (Monday).

TEMPERATURE at 8 A.M., 43 degrees; raining. Potter and Andy hiked out at about 10. Bob, Henry and Fritz went over to pack back some more of the dead moose. Colonel, Bowden and I stayed in camp. Colonel yesterday made a big * armchair and a large camp table for general use. He is now putting a bench on either side of the table. It has stopped raining. He has just reported seeing a large bull down at the stream while he was getting water. It ran off when it saw him. I saw some ptarmigan yesterday on a moss meadow. They are shaped something like a partridge, and turn perfectly white in winter. They are very good eating. They are very tame, as I walked within 15 feet of one. One remarkable and satisfactory feature of this country from a hunter's standpoint is the entire absence of reptile life; no snakes or lizards or any of the creeping things that make one afraid in the south. I am getting old, and it is forcibly brought to my attention (among other ways) when I find myself the oldest member of our party.

About an hour before lunch I wandered off with the "No. 22," to see if I could shoot a few spruce grouse. When I started to return I didn't know where I was. It was a disagreeable feeling. I recalled having read somewhere that when lost under such conditions, it was better to sit still. This I did, knowing that I could not be very far away and that sound would carry a long distance. I got on a high hill and shouted and Colonel finally heard me, and I got back to camp about two hours after leaving, having been only about a mile away. Colonel and I went out in the afternoon, but saw no game except a porcupine and a large bull moose miles away in a lake. Through the glasses we could see him wallowing in the water. A good pair of field glasses are an absolute necessity when hunting here.

Potter and Andy saw two cow moose and a black bear. It rained pretty much all day and was very disagreeable in the evening, so we turned in about 8. Temperature, 40 degrees.

September 10, 1912 (Tuesday).



TEMPERATURE, 39 degrees at 7

A. M. Bob, Henry and Fritz started off at 8 to the lake (Camp No. 2) to pack back some more stuff. Andy and Potter went off at 9, taking lunch with them. While it is not raining it is still threatening, and we are not expecting clear weather till a good frost comes.

The camp looks like a butcher shop with grouse and great pieces of moose meat hanging all around. It is wonderful how good the canned things are—excellent butter and condensed milk for the coffee and tea, dehydrated, cranberries, onions, etc. We are still very fortunate in the comparative absence of flies and mosquitoes. Colonel and I started out at 10. We ran into a big bull, but I didn't see him. He heard us coming and made off. We stayed out all day, and on the way home sat down on the side of a hill, looking out northeast with an unbroken view over lakes, swamps and timber for countless miles. With the glasses we saw seven bull moose and a black bear in a range of two to four miles. We followed one of them with the glasses through a swamp over a meadow to some timber, where he disappeared, coming out on the other side and making his way through another swamp to a lake. It was certainly a strange experience to watch them all. We saw lots of pretty little snowbirds, and once a thrill call discovered to us a lone owl on top of a dead spruce. He paid no attention to us. The birds have for me almost as much interest attached to them as the animals. We hear the ravens cawing, but seldom see them. The "camp robbers" fluttered around the hanging moose meat this morning.

Colonel shot one and hung it on a limb near the meat, and the others bothered it no more. We got home about 6, after much the longest and hardest day I have had. I stood it very well. I have a double incentive in all my walking, the game, of course, being first, but when I get through each day and feel that my leg gets stronger, I don't care even if I get no game at all. The rutting season is fast approaching, and then the moose get out more in the open and are more fearless. Potter and Andy saw 15 moose, among them two very large bulls, one of them within easy range, but Potter is looking for a record head. It did not rain at all to-day, but was very cloudy. Temperature at bedtime, 40 degrees.

September 11, 1912 (Wednesday).



TEMPERATURE at 7 A. M., 42 degrees. Weather cloudy, but the sun is trying to get through. Potter and Andy started about 8. I stayed around camp all morning, reading, taking a few photos and talking to Colonel. At noon the temperature had risen to 52 degrees. It is raining a little. At 1 it had cleared, and Colonel and I started out. It was a glorious afternoon, the first we have had, and we kept right on over hills and ridges and



ANOTHER VIEW OF CAMP FOUR



CAMP FOUR

through swamps for five steady hours, with one rest while I fixed my boots. I have two pairs, one too small and one too large, which fact has added to my other difficulties. We had no luck, and while moose signs were thick all over, we saw nothing. Every muscle in my legs ached when we got in, but a big supper of moose steak, potatoes, coffee and stewed prunes soon made me forget my ills. Potter and Andy got within range of 27 moose. Bob, Henry and Fritz returned at 4.30, having covered the distance, about 18 miles from Camp No. 2, in $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours, with their packs. They went down "empty" the day before in six hours. They brought the other tent, a little stove and some provisions. Thermometer at 9 P. M., 40 degrees.



ANOTHER VIEW OF CAMP FOUR



VIEW OF MOOSE BOTTOM
COVERED WITH SCRUB WILLOW



SPRUCE TREE 3 INCHES IN DIAMETER,
CHUNKED OFF TO KEEF FROM THE GROUND BY A
BROWN BEAR WHILE HE WAS SCRATCHING HIS BACK

September 12, 1912 (Thursday).

TEMPERATURE at 7 A. M., 41 degrees. Pouring rain. I did not get up till 11. Fourteen hours in bed is almost a record, and I am sure I needed it, for I was dozing most of the time. For breakfast I ate a roast grouse, fried potatoes, stewed prunes, to say nothing of huge hunks of bread and two cups of coffee! The other tent is up, and we are slowly getting fixed. It cleared at 1, and Potter and Andy started out. Bob and Henry started for Camp No. 2 again, about 8 in the morning.

The sun is very confusing to me here. Instead of apparently moving over us from east to west, as it does at home, it makes a sort of circle around us, and when you haven't given the matter any thought it is difficult to find out just where you are.

Bowden is indefatigable in his labors. He chops down trees in dangerous proximity to the tents and at great risk to his feet, and has to be warned, but he is so willing and obliging that all hands get along together very well. When Fritz is off packing, Bowden cooks, and does very well at that.

Colonel and I went out at 5 for a couple of hours, but saw nothing. Potter and Andy, whom we met on the way home, saw three moose, one bull. It poured all evening, so we sat in the tent where Fritz and Bowden sleep, and which has the stove in it. It blew great guns, and we thought the tent would surely come down. Under such circumstances it is a great satisfaction to one's peace of mind to hear the guides whistle and sing! Temperature at 9 P. M., 51 degrees.

September 13, 1912 (Friday).

TEMPERATURE 7 A. M., 52 degrees. The wind kept at it all night, so sleep was pretty nearly out of the question, and the day dawned dark and forbidding. However, about 9 A. M. it brightened up a bit, and we four started out together. About noon they left us, to go north, down Kelley River, expecting to "siwash" (Indian for sleeping out) the night and to hunt to-morrow on a ledge between Funny River and Kelley River, too far to go from our camp in one day. Colonel and I returned to camp about 5, having seen one cow moose, a porcupine and a rabbit the latter larger than those at home, gray in color, and in winter turning perfectly white. I got through to-day in the best shape yet. It rained some this afternoon, but looks like clearing this evening. Temperature at 7.30 P. M., 46 degrees.

September 14, 1912 (Saturday).

TEMPERATURE at 5 A. M., 40 degrees. We were a small party last night. Henry and Bob packed their stuff to Camp No. 3, were to spend the night there, go back to Camp No. 2 to-day for the balance of what we will need, and spend to-night at Camp No. 3, again returning here to-morrow. Potter and Andy were "siwashing," so Colonel, Fritz, Bowden and I only were at home. Colonel and I started out early (6 A. M.). We soon came close upon two cows, and a little later upon two more cows, but saw no bulls. Later we sat on a high ridge and saw through the glasses, at about two miles' distance, no fewer than 40 moose, including one bunch of 14. It was too far for me to walk, as we had a long return trip, and I was tired. It was a wonderful sight. We got back to camp about 1. Andy and Potter returned at 4 with a fine moose head, 63-inch spread, 16 points on one side, 13 on the other. Weight, 82 pounds, without the lower jaw, 42-inch blade length and 15-inch width. Potter shot him at 11 o'clock to-day, about five miles from camp. They saw 17 moose yesterday and 37 to-day. Andy got some good pictures of bulls at close range.

We had gotten very wet on our walk, and I was hot besides, so I had Bowden pour a couple of buckets of cold water over me, with very refreshing, to say nothing of cleansing, effect. Temperature at bedtime, 38 degrees, the lowest yet.

September 15, 1912 (Sunday).

TEMPERATURE, 6 A. M., 35 degrees, and there was considerable frost. Andy and Colonel spent the morning cleaning the meat off the head and scalp of Potter's moose. After lunch we had jumping contests and various feats of strength and some shooting at targets with the No. 2 rifle. The guides and packers are like a lot of school boys. They work and strive so hard to win the prizes. They get up in the morning singing and whistling, and always feel well, and nothing bothers them. Potter is as strong as any of them, and comes off first as often as any one. Everybody shaved and discussed the prospects for getting sheep high up in the mountains, where we are planning to go to-morrow for a few days. Bob and Henry returned about 4.30. It has been cloudy all day, but no rain. At 12 o'clock the thermometer had risen to 45 degrees. It rained in the evening, and we went to bed at 7.30. Thermometer, 40 degrees.



ON A GLACIER ON
THE WAY TO CAMP FIVE



ON THE WAY TO THE SHEEP
COUNTRY, FIVE MILES SOUTH
OF ALLEY RIVER

cranes, and later, while we were taking a rest, a flock of thousands of ptarmigan, not seeing us, flew right over us, so close that we could have touched some of them if we had been standing. They made a noise like an enormous aeroplane. Their tails and backs are white and their wings also when spread. In winter they turn entirely white, and they looked very beautiful flying close to the ground in great flocks. Further on, after crossing a ridge down into a valley between dark, rocky, snow-capped

September 16, 1912 (Monday).



HERMOMETER, 7 A. M., 40 degrees. About 8 A. M. we started out with packs for a stay of several days in the sheep country, about nine miles southeast of Camp No. 4. Bowden remained behind. Our way was partly over some great moss meadows. We saw a flock of over 50 sand-hill



WE CALLED THIS BLACK FOX PASS

mountains, we came into the real sheep country. As we passed over the ridge we saw at once six white sheep one and one-half miles away. Soon after we were treated to a remarkable sight—a black fox and a silver gray fox were in plain sight, and Henry got within 100 feet of them. We watched them through the glasses, and could see every movement. The black one appeared to be lame. They are the rarest fur-bearing animals, the skins worth from \$600 to \$1000 apiece, and the guides said they had never, any of them, seen both at the same time before. We watched them for fully half an hour. There was no trail, and we went through the wildest

no trees, but in places some scrub and bushes, all beginning to change their colors. We saw many sheep and hundreds of cranes and ptarmigan, and a couple of eagles. We reached at 5.45 a little grassy spot surrounded by scrub timber, near a tumbling stream, where we made our camp. Gracious! but I was tired! Bob left us about half way over to return to Camp 4 and to pack over with Bowden the balance of our stuff from Camps 2 and 3 pending our return to Camp 4. We could bring but one tent over here, so it will be roughing it indeed. It has been very cloudy all day, but I tried some photographs on the way over. I forgot to bring the



IN THE SHEEP COUNTRY. RIGHT HERE WE SAW SIX SHEEP, ALSO A GRAY AND A BLACK FOX

and most beautiful country I ever saw. The walking was not so bad, though it was over moss fields, rocks and glaciers, and across many mountain torrents. The colorings were more beautiful than any yet seen. There were many dark purple clusters of tiny berries, which grew so close together as to be almost inseparable, and gave one the impression of moss. This was mixed in with the red and yellow leaves and gray and green moss, and it seemed as if nature had brought together here all her most beautiful combinations of color. There were

thermometer. We have no campfire, as there is practically no suitable timber, and so we use the stove set up in our tent. It was close quarters sleeping. I was all right, as I had my bed, but Potter and the other four just rolled up in blankets. I felt very selfish, but I wanted Potter to bring another man, so he could have his bed and some other things, but he said no. If I was running a trip like this I would do it differently, but then he has been on so many he knows what he wants himself. It was a beautiful, starlight night.

September 17, 1912 (Tuesday).



LIKE most other mornings, was cloudy and threatening. After a fairly comfortable night we all got up about 5.30. Colonel and I went up in the mountains after sheep. We climbed through soft fields of moss, over rocks, glaciers and soft snow, and came into a regular snowstorm. Soon a fog enveloped us, and we had to descend. We saw several sheep, but no good heads, and few within range. We got back to camp at 12.30, meeting Potter and Andy on the way. They had a small, black bear. They kept the skin and the forequarters. They said its back legs had been all bitten up, and the marks of the teeth of the brown bear, which had done it were plainly discernible in the skin. It rained in the afternoon, and I stayed in the tent reading and writing. Potter and Andy went out again. Henry went back to Camp 4 to bring some things over here.

Words are wanting in me to express the grandeur and solitude of this spot. The magnificent peaks and wonderful colorings high up on the sides of the mountains, together with the white mountain torrents rushing down in many directions make a never-to-be-forgotten scene. If the sun would only come out for one clear day while we are here! I am so doubtful of my pictures. I have taken so many time-exposures, and I am never sure of the results.

The ptarmigan fly all around us with their strange noises, seeming almost to say "go back" and "keep away." It started to rain, and Potter and Andy came back early. We had supper of bear meat, which was tender and delicious.

September 18, 1912 (Wednesday).



A CLEAR day at last, and we started out at 7, Potter and Andy going south, up Kelley River, and Colonel and I going west, over to "Old Baldy." It had snowed in the night, and, after going about two miles, our path was through fresh snow. We finally came down into the barren land that divides the watershed between Tustumena Lake and Kenai River, and when some four miles from camp



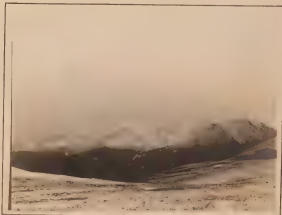
CAMP FIVE LOOKING WEST

saw a solitary ram. We crawled along on our hands and knees to a little ridge, about 60 yards from him. I raised up and fired, and this time my aim was better. He started slowly off, but I was so clumsy that I could not get my rifle cocked again, and not knowing how badly he was hurt, and not wanting to lose him, I told the Colonel to shoot, which he did with his rifle, and the ram dropped. We found I had hit him under the tail, and he couldn't have gone very far. It was only a fair head, measuring 33 inches. We went right on, thinking there might be some more sheep in a gulch further down, and here we



LOOKING NORTH FROM CAMP FIVE

saw what Colonel said was a most remarkable and unheard-of sight. Three rams were on the side of a hill, walking along in single file, and a "cross" fox was walking with them, he jumping up and biting their faces in play, and they butting him gently along in front. When they lay down he lay down too, and they were evidently traveling together, and the best of friends. We watched them for fully 15 minutes through the glasses at about 300 yards. There was another ridge, some 200 yards further on, and we crawled along to this, but when we reached it the rams



TWO MILES WEST OF CAMP FIVE, LOOKING WEST—SNOW ALL AROUND US

had disappeared. We saw the fox some distance off, but could not find the sheep again. We then returned to our game, which Colonel cleaned and skinned out, bringing the head and hind-quarters to camp, where we arrived at 3 o'clock. On the way we saw a black fox and a silver gray. This is most unusual, as I have previously stated. Henry had returned from Camp 4. Bowden and Bob had gone to Camp 2 together to pack back some stuff to Camp 4. Bob sent me over a couple of trout he had killed with a club. It is the spawning season, and the meat was soft and poor. Henry is sitting outside the tent, looking through the glasses, and says 62 sheep are in sight. Potter and Andy returned later with a sheep measuring 37 inches.

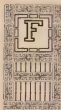


MY FIRST SHEEP
SHOT FOUR MILES WEST OF CAMP

We were all dead tired, and turned in very early. After a while it started to blow a hurricane and to rain very hard. We expected the tent to come down, and no one could sleep. Finally, about 4 o'clock, down it came. There were six of us in it, together with the stove, all our provisions and packs. The men all hustled out, laughing, and in some way soon had it up again. I just laid still and held the wet tent up over myself at arm's length as well as I could. Everybody then came back to bed, but there was no more sleep.

Henry brought the thermometer back from Camp 4. At 6 A. M. the temperature was 38 degrees.

September 19, 1912 (Thursday).



RITZ had great difficulty getting a fire started to cook breakfast. The wood was wet, and the wind shook the tent and the stovepipe almost to pieces. The rain stopped finally, and the sun came out, but the wind continued without abating.

What curious creatures of circumstance we are! Here am I in this little tent, 10 x 12, with blankets and packs strewn around; my bed in one corner, the stove in another; all our provisions piled up in another. Colonel and Henry are skinning a sheep's head in the middle, Fritz is preparing lunch, and the wind is howling and threatening to blow the tent down every minute, yet every one is whistling or singing, and perfectly happy. Andy and Potter have gone out, but in such a gale Colonel says they have little chance of getting a sheep. Temperature at 10 o'clock, 46 degrees.

After lunch we decided to leave Camp 5. We didn't want another night like the last, and Andy knew of an abandoned cabin down on the Kelley River, 1500 feet below us, about a mile away. A prospector and trapper had built it six years ago. In any case we wanted to hunt in the mountains across the river, and they were much easier of access from that point. At 2 o'clock, just as we started, there was a most beautiful and clear rainbow on the mountains opposite. It began down at the river on one side and came right up till it reached the sky line over the mountains, then became very dull until the arch struck the mountains on the other side, when

it dropped down to the river again. It was the finest I ever saw.

This was far the worst walk of the trip up to this time. Down almost perpendicular grades, through closely woven alder bushes and heavy moss; at times across little paths in the side of sheer cliffs—how those men could carry packs is beyond me. Henry had no spikes or rubber on his shoes. Potter is almost as good as the men. He carried a large knapsack and his rifle. I got down without mishap—how, I don't know. There is little wind here, and there are many tall spruce and cottonwood trees. The log cabin stands most picturesquely in some trees close by the river bank, and we pitched our tent close by. The river here is almost 60 feet wide, and rushes noisily over huge rocks in its rapid course. The mountains are in front and behind us, and it would be difficult to picture a grander and wilder spot, ideal for camping in every way. The little creek from which we got our water at Camp 5 comes rushing down right here into the river, and we use its wonderful cold water again. The Kelley River is glacier water, flowing out of the great Bear Glacier, which is five miles above here. This glacier is about 30 miles wide and 100 miles long, reaches from Ealick Bay to Cook's Inlet, and from Kenai Lake to the Pacific Ocean, and has outlets in Ealick Bay, Resurrection River, Kelley River, Shilak Lake, Port Chatham, Tustumena Lake, Port Dick and English Bay.

It is warmer down here in the Valley. Temperature at 4 o'clock, 46 degrees. Andy, Colonel, Potter and I slept in the tent and Fritz and Henry in the cabin.

September 20, 1912 (Friday).



IT RAINED through the night, though the stars were shining when we went to bed. This morning, early, it is still raining, but it stopped at 7 o'clock. Henry started back to Camp 4 for some provisions. Andy and Colonel are making some sort of a bridge, so that we can cross the river to hunt

sheep are found. Fritz and I followed in about an hour.

The bridge consists of three spruce logs, about 25 feet long, thrown across to some large rocks in the middle of the river, and two more logs, about 12 feet long, thrown from the rocks to the other shore. They are well wedged with rope and rocks, as the river is a torrent, and the water rushes by over the rocks with a roar. We went on up the mountain through the alders, following the trail Andy and Colonel had blazed. It was a terrific



LOOKING NORTH FROM A MOUNTAIN OPPOSITE CAMP SIX

A beautiful magpie, the first I have seen, just lit in a tree outside the cabin door. It is about as big as a pigeon, of a deep blue (almost black) color, with white stripes or spots on its wings and some more on its body, and a very long tail. It is certainly a handsome bird. After lunch Andy and Colonel went across the river to cut a path through the alder bushes and blaze a trail up the mountains, so that we could reach the heights where the

climb of only about a mile, but very steep. We saw a few sheep in the distance, but the wind was wrong, and Colonel, Fritz and I went back to camp. Andy and Potter returned about 6, having seen several sheep at close range, but no good rams.

It cleared in the evening, and was a wonderful starlight night. The temperature dropped to 25 degrees at bedtime.

September 21, 1912 (Saturday).



LEAR and colder this morning. Temperature, 6 A. M., 29 degrees. Nearly every one in this country is honest. Once or twice in our wanderings we have come upon some trapper's or prospector's shack or cabin and have found and appropriated provisions or something else we needed. The

guides always return such things at the first opportunity. Their good fellowship is noticeable also in the way the men share their personal belongings with each other. In Seward, particularly, I noticed how carelessly things of value were left around.

Potter and I and the two guides started out together early, but soon separated. Colonel and I went up above the snow line on some of the mountains opposite our camp, at an elevation of about 2000 feet. It was a hard climb. The going underfoot was all right, but it was so steep. I took many spells on the two-mile climb,



ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS IN THE SHEEP COUNTRY. CAMP SIX LIES IN THE VALLEY



ANOTHER VIEW OF SAME

and my legs certainly ached, and, to make it worse, we saw no sheep, but the views all around were magnificent. The "sheep basin," as the men call this level to which we had come, is a moraine (an old glacier bed), and it was snowing and blowing a hurricane. At times it was difficult to keep one's feet. We wandered around for some time and, seeing no game, started down. On a side hill we saw a ram feeding. I shot at him first at about 100 yards and missed, and as he ran from us I shot 11 times and missed every time. The wind was so strong that I could not begin to keep the rifle steady, and I could get no rest for my arm. The Colonel said I should have gotten him in one of the first four shots, but that the others were at 400 yards or more. On the way down we met Potter and Andy with a ram; length, 33; spread, 19; circumference, 12 $\frac{3}{4}$. A small, but very even head. It was after 3 when we got back to camp, and we were all more than ready for the roast sheep and potatoes Fritz had prepared. To bed at 7.30 suited me. Temperature, 45 degrees. It was a disappointing day to me to miss my sheep, after that terrific "hike."



CAMP SIX, LOOKING TOWARDS THE RIVER

September 22, 1912 (Sunday).



TEMPERATURE, 43 degrees at 8 o'clock. Very cloudy, but around 11 o'clock it cleared. The wind is still blowing a hurricane high up on the mountains, though down here it is comparatively quiet. We all stayed around camp. I took some pictures.

The men and Potter had various contests, and they all, especially Colonel, went into them like schoolboys. After lunch I read "Dombey and Son," and I like it very much. I had forgotten much of it. Potter and the boys did all sorts of stunts, hopping (or trying to) up and down a steep hill, balancing each other on their shoulders, wrestling and a variety of other things. Fritz

bet \$5.00 that he could eat two pounds of raw sheep meat, but after he had consumed one-half pound with evident relish, Potter paid the bet for him, and gave him \$5.00 to stop. Potter said he was afraid he would be sick and incapacitated for work! Fritz picked some wild cranberries and cooked them. They are better than the cranberries at home.

We decided to send Bob, who was at Camp 4 with Bowden, to Seward to get some supplies, and to send a telegram to mother. Henry is to take the list and the telegram to Camp 4 to-morrow, give Bob his instructions and bring Bowden back with him. It seems remarkable that to send the telegram to mother it takes, maybe, four or five days for the first 100 miles and as many minutes for the last 4000 or more. Temperature at bedtime, 48 degrees, the warmest we have yet had at this camp.



INTERIOR OF CABIN AT CAMP SIX FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, HENRY, FRITZ, COLONEL, ANDY

September 23, 1912 (Monday).

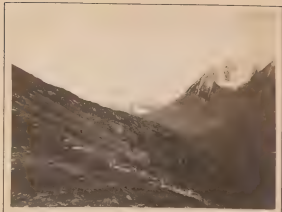


TEMPERATURE, 7 A. M., 46 degrees. We all started out about 8. Colonel and I watched a big bull moose through the glasses for an hour. It was early in the afternoon, and I was too tired to go after him, as we were about four miles from camp and high up, and the moose was down on the river. We saw many ewes and lambs, but no rams. Sheep hunting here is a bit too strenuous for me—that is,



LOOKING NORTH DOWN KELLEY RIVER
FOUR MILES FROM CAMP 355.

to get the best hunting. The climbs are almost perpendicular at places and the distances very long. I can hunt around within certain limits, and may get a sheep, but if I attempt the great long hikes that Potter and Andy take it is too much for me. We got back to camp at 5. Potter came in at 7 with two fine rams. One, 36 in. length, 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. circumference, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. spread. The other, 37 in. length, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. circumference, 20 in. spread. They saw seven rams in a bunch, and when they got within 50 yards of them Potter shot at the biggest. He thought he had missed, and through the fog saw the



GORGE AT HEAD OF KELLEY RIVER. THE GREAT BEAR
GLACIER IS TO THE LEFT OF THE SNOW MOUNTAINS

bunch run, and when they came in sight again, some 400 yards further on, there were still seven rams, so he fired at the biggest, which was 300 yards away, and killed it. Then, later, about half a mile away, they came upon a crippled ram, which was, of course, the one he had shot at first. They had had a hard day in the fog, cold and wind, way high up in the basin further to the north. They had sighted the seven rams at 10 A. M., and on account of adverse winds and fog had not been able to get up to them until 5 P. M. Henry left early for Camp 4. Temperature at 9 P. M., 38 degrees.



COLONEL SEEKING HIS FORTUNE

September 24, 1912 (Tuesday).



TEMPERATURE, 9 A. M., 43 degrees. I talked some with Andy this morning, and as is so often the case with people who are inclined to be reticent, what he said was most interesting. He described the Childs and Miles glaciers, which are about a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Copper

River. Every night and day in summer they are both discharging great cakes of ice, sometimes as big as half an acre in extent. These come together with terrific crashes in the river, which at this point forms almost a lake. The roar is tremendous and incessant, and boats go through at great risks.

It was raining, and we stayed around camp, Colonel and Andy cleaning the two heads Potter shot yesterday. Henry and Bowden arrived about 3 and reported that Bob had started for Seward early in the morning. In the afternoon, Potter, Andy, Colonel and I walked about a mile up the river to settle a dispute as to whether one could make a crossing on foot at a certain point. Andy stepped from stone to stone, and finally got across. No one else would try it. It was cloudy all day. Everywhere here, high up on the mountains, sheep are always in sight, usually ewes and lambs, but rams occasionally, too.

I went to bed early, in view of an early start in the morning. Temperature, 43 degrees.



LOOKING NORTH WEST FROM MOUNTAIN WHERE I SHOT MY SECOND SHEEP

tance further up. We made a wide detour, and finally, with favoring wind, got to within 300 yards of them. We watched them from behind a ridge, and Colonel advised me then to try a shot, which I did, with his rifle, and "mirabile dictu," my aim was true. This was about 8 A.M. The shot didn't kill him, and I missed several more in succession, but finally a better one than usual brought him rolling down the mountain over the rocks and stones, at imminent peril to his horns, but he stopped after falling about 100 yards, and his horns were uninjured. It was a fine head, measuring $36\frac{1}{2}$ in. length, $12\frac{3}{4}$ in. circumference, $17\frac{1}{2}$ in. spread. I then fired several shots after the other ram, who had gotten almost out of range, but with no success. Colonel and Henry then skinned out the head, ready to take to camp, and we went on up the mountain to see if we could see the other ram again. After a while we approached a ridge almost at the very top of the mountain, and on the other side saw what seemed a fine ram (probably the same



KELLEY RIVER CANYON

September 25, 1912 (Wednesday).



TEMPERATURE, 41 degrees at 3.15

A.M., when Colonel and I were called by Bowden. After Fritz had gotten us a good breakfast we two, with Henry, started out about 5. Potter and Andy (having now three sheep, and that is all a man may shoot in a season), were to return later to Camp 4. I didn't want to leave without a good sheep head, so decided to stay and try again. Potter suggested our taking a rope for Colonel to tie around his waist that I might grasp the end to steady myself when going up the steep places. It was a great help. I took Henry along, too, and held on to him, and altogether got on much better, as I will show. We planned to go far and to stay long. When we had climbed about two hours toward the sheep basin we sighted two rams quite a dis-



MY SECOND SHEEP

one). It was blowing a gale and snowing. He was about 75 yards away, and I had to stand up. I fired and broke his leg, but he ran off down the mountain toward some snow, and we lost him in the fog and mist. It seemed terribly cruel, but there was no help for it. In any decent weather we would certainly have gotten him. We got back to camp at 2. I was tired out, and could not have made the trip nearly so well, if at all, without Henry. He was always helping me with his arm or shoulder, steadying me over the hard places, and it was wonderful what a difference it made. It took away a lot of the anxiety I have had over the consequences of a false step, which a man with two good legs wouldn't have. This sheep weighed about 230 pounds, and, having finally gotten him, the day and general outlook seemed much brighter. We stayed around camp all afternoon, and I read "Pickwick Papers" to the men part of the time. We turned in early. Temperature, 44 degrees.

September 26, 1912 (Thursday).



TEMPERATURE, 7 A. M., 48 degrees. I stayed in bed till 11.30. Had a bath (?), shaved and felt very luxurious. Colonel and Henry had planned to go up on the snow mountain to find the sheep I had wounded.

This would have required an early start, but it was raining and blowing a gale, and so they had to abandon the idea. Colonel felt confident he knew where the sheep had gone.



HENRY AT CAMP SIX

Fritz is reading "Dombey and Son," and thinks it wonderful. I have promised to send him some more of Dickens' books. Colonel says this is the most remarkable season in his experience. There has been no good weather and no flies. On his way over to Camp 4 the other day Henry shot some ptarmigan, and I had one roasted for dinner. It was very good, the meat resembling our grouse. It was cloudy all day and with some rain, and we sat around the cabin until bedtime. Temperature, 44 degrees.

September 27, 1912 (Friday).



IT POURED all night; the hardest rain of the trip, and there was no let-up this morning. Temperature at 9 o'clock, 41 degrees. Colonel had again planned with favorable weather to go after the sheep and, failing that, to break camp here and go over to Camp 4. It cleared about 11, and it then being too late to start for the other camp, he and Henry set off to look for the sheep we had lost on Wednesday. My breakfast this morning was a cold roast



FRTZ CHOPPING WOOD
AT CAMP 322

ptarmigan, boiled rice, bread and butter and coffee, and after that I smoked a pipe!

At 3.30 Colonel and Henry returned with the head. They had found the ram still alive, about where Colonel had said he would be. I had shot him through the shoulder, and if the bullet had been an inch higher it would have killed him at once. It was another fine head, measuring $36\frac{1}{8}$ in. length, $13\frac{1}{4}$ in. circumference, $17\frac{1}{2}$ in. spread. This gives me three sheep heads. The afternoon and evening were cloudless, almost the first of the kind we have had. We retired early, and we start back to Camp 4 to-morrow, regardless of weather, as we have no more provisions here. Temperature, 38 degrees.



HENRY FACING MY
THIRD SHEEP HEAD



LOOKING DOWN HELLEY RIVER
AT CAMP SIX



BRIDGES OVER HELLEY RIVER AT CAMP SIX

September 28, 1912 (Saturday).



LOUDY. Temperature, 46 degrees, 7.30 A. M. We started at 8.10 by my watch. I mention this, as every one's watch is different. We took everything with us, except four sheep heads, for which one of the men will return later. The first two hours were the hardest, as the route was almost straight up beyond the site of Camp 5. The beautiful

close together, and one can step from one to another, sometimes for a mile at a stretch. We had our lunch standing up in the rain by a little stream. The piece of cold meat and bread, of which it consisted, tasted to me far better than many a more elaborate repast under favorable circumstances. We reached Camp 4 at 3 o'clock, drenched to the skin. On September 16th it had taken three hours longer for the shorter trip from Camp 4 to Camp 5, and I was dead tired. This time, although we came from Camp 6 to Camp 4, I was per-



"TAKING A SPELL" ON THE WAY TO CAMP FOUR

colorings on the mountains had disappeared to a great extent, and the sombre hues now displayed were in striking contrast to those which we saw on our trip over. It began to rain about 10, and except when we went through a snowstorm along the passes, continued without any let-up during the entire trip. Among the curious features one encounters here in walking are the great fields of mounds, perhaps three or four feet in diameter, and a foot high, covered with moss or grass. They are

fectly fresh, and, after changing my clothes and eating supper, was fit as could be. The rain continued, so we turned in early. Temperature, 44 degrees. Potter and Andy appeared soon after our arrival. They had seen during the three days they had been hunting 70 moose, all within range, 34 of which were bulls. Three of these were probably 60-inch heads, or wider. Potter made a horn of birch bark, and one night he called a moose to within 15 feet.

September 29, 1912 (Sunday).



T RAINED hard all night and continued all morning, so we stayed in camp. There was great excitement about noon, when Bob arrived. We had not expected him until to-morrow or Tuesday, and had offered \$5.00 to the man guessing the nearest to the time of his arrival. Bowden won, his guess being 4 P. M., Monday. He brought letters and newspapers and had bought a lot of provisions and supplies (about 400 pounds), which we needed, and which he had left at Camp 2 on Lake Shilak, and which will have to be packed up here during the week. I had two letters from mother, three from Pill and four from the office, the latest dated September 10th: everything satisfactory; some local papers from Seward and a Seattle paper dated September 16th. The total distance Bob traveled was about 180 miles; of these 50 were on foot, 40 in a rowboat, 45 in the steam launch and 45 in the car. He spent 24 hours in Seward, and the men all agreed he had made wonderfully fast time (about five days). The rain stopped at 3 P. M., after 30 steady hours. It was too late to go out hunting, so we stayed around camp reading the papers and magazines Bob had brought. We will have no more sheep meat, as we couldn't pack any over with us from Camp 6, our clothes, tents and bedding, being as much as the men could carry. Now that the rutting season has started, the moose meat is poor, so we will have to depend largely on grouse and ptarmigan for meat. Temperature at 9 P. M., 46 degrees. Weather clear.

September 30, 1912 (Monday).

TEMPERATURE, 6 A. M., 34 degrees. Weather a little cloudy, with the moon high up in the sky. Bob had brought the correct time, and my Ingersoll dollar watch had to be turned on one hour. Bob started early to Camp 2 to take down two sheep heads we have here, and leave them there until we go home; then he will pack back some of the stuff he brought from Seward and had left there yesterday. Fritz and Henry went over to Camp 6, to bring the four sheep heads we left there on Saturday. We all started off at 7, Potter and Andy going north and Colonel and I southwest. We first saw a cow and then a small bull. Around 10 o'clock we saw a cow and a bull sitting near each other in the alders, 400 yards away.



LOOKING OVER THE FLAT LANDS FROM A RIDGE ON FUNNY RIVER. WE CAN SEE FROM HERE MOUNTAINS SIXTY MILES AWAY.

The bull looked big, and we sat still for a couple of hours, trying to get a good look at his horns. They moved on finally, and we, being on a ridge above them, traced their course through the alders with the glasses. The bull sat down again, in a cottonwood flat, some distance further on, and again we watched for a long time for a good look at his head. Colonel said then that he would go over 60 inches spread, and that I had better try for him, as he was a very big bull and looked good. I was over 200 yards away, and again using Colonel's rifle, I shot and hit him as he sat, and when he got up shot three times more, all of which seemed to take effect, the last one bringing him down. I shot once more at closer range to make sure. Colonel estimated his weight at about 1300 pounds, which is a big moose, especially at this season. We were much disappointed in the spread, which was not over 50 inches. While it was a big head in every way, both horns were crumpled, which



COLONEL SKINNING OUT THE MOOSE'S HEAD

cut down the spread. We had no measure with us, so could take no accurate measurements at the time. Colonel packed home the cape, and we left the head till another day. Potter and Andy arrived back about the same time as we did. They had seen about 25 moose. Potter imitates their call through a birch-bark horn, and sometimes they will come very close to him, and Andy got some pictures of bulls to-day at 25 feet. This is naturally a great advantage, as it brings more moose in sight, and thus increases one's chance and makes one shoot at much closer range and with more certainty as to size and spread of horns. Bowden cooked an excellent supper for us—a mulligan of grouse, rice and potatoes and flapjacks. He really is a better cook than Fritz.

It is a beautiful moonlight night and, take it all in all, the best day, as far as the weather was concerned, we have had. Temperature at bedtime, 46 degrees.



MY FIRST MOOSE, SHOT ON FUNNY RIVER FOUR MILES SOUTH OF CAMP FOUR

October 1, 1912 (Tuesday).



TEMPERATURE, 6.30 A. M., 43 degrees. It is curious to see on the ground pieces of old wood that have become perfectly green in color. No one has explained to me the reason for this. We decided this morning to take the boat scheduled to leave Seward October 15th. Potter and Andy

immediately started off. They plan to stay away until October 11th, returning sooner only if Potter gets a head big enough to suit him. Their first camp is to be an old cabin of Andy's, about six miles from here, on the Kelley River. Henry will join them to-morrow, taking from here such supplies as they will need. Colonel and I went north this morning to the flat lands I photographed yesterday, and where we once before had seen through the glasses, from a ridge northwest of camp, a large number of moose. We saw to-day 37 moose in about three hours, several within close range, and none more than a mile away. As I may shoot only one more, we want a good one, and none that we saw seemed to fill the bill. I photographed one to-day at about 125 feet. We arrived back at camp at 1.30. Bob came in about 3, and Fritz and Henry shortly afterward with the sheep heads from Camp 6, and we all had dinner together, Bowden cooking for everybody. We see many wild geese now



FIND A MOOSE

flying in perfect V-shaped flocks in single file at great heights, and we plainly hear their curious call. It was a fine day, cloudy at times, but no rain. There were some flies, but they were not very bad. We are expecting colder weather.

When Potter is here the talk around the campfire at night is usually of hunting and game and kindred subjects. To-night the talk is more varied, including philanthropy, politics and religion. Colonel is the most intelligent in his remarks and views. He thinks Carnegie might have given his millions to much greater advantage. He has heard of Miss Jane Addams, and has read one of her articles about working girls, which made a great impression on him. There should be some way, he says, of every one who works getting enough wages to live on properly and having a little something besides. People should "live," he says, not "exist." Bob has views also, and occasionally repeats some poetry. Something was said about an albatross, and he at once quoted from the "Ancient Mariner." Henry says but little. He is, however, naturally observant and intelligent. Fritz is inclined to be argumentative, and is much biased in his opinions. Their views on religion are obscure, but graded from Fritz's "nonsense" (with an adjective before it) to Henry's more moderate "it's best to let the children be taught it, and then they can judge for themselves afterward." Colonel is strong for Roosevelt. Fritz strongly against him. As we went to bed at 9 o'clock the moon was just coming up over the tree tops. Thermometer, 43 degrees.



ON THESE FLATS WE SAW THIRTY-SEVEN MOOSE IN THREE HOURS

October 2, 1912 (Wednesday).



At 6 A. M., temperature, 34 degrees. Raining again, so I went back to bed till 8, when it had stopped. Henry left to join Andy and Potter. Bob went down to Camp 2, taking two sheep heads and to bring back provisions enough to last, with what we have here, till we leave. The beautiful wild flowers of which Mrs. Higginson writes in her book we are unfortunately too late to see. After lunch, Colonel, Fritz and I went to the same flats where we had been yesterday. We soon saw a bull, cow and calf fairly close, and then took our positions on a high ridge overlooking the flat lands for miles. At about a mile through the glasses we plainly saw two bulls (one black and one gray) in a fierce fight, with a cow looking on. They charged each other head-on, and we could hear the loud crack of their horns coming together. They locked antlers and tore up the ground with their feet, uprooted alder trees and shrubs and raced and tore around in circles. We watched them for 20 minutes, and then hurried over intervening ridges and flats to get a closer view. We crept up a ridge, and below us was the battle-field. The black bull, evidently the victor, had been joined by four other bulls and two cows, but the gray bull had disappeared. We stood about 60 yards from them. One of the cows saw us, gave the alarm, and they all disappeared into the alders. We would have had plenty of time to shoot had there been a head we wanted, but we got no picture then. Soon after another bull came slowly across the swamp to the left, and we photographed him at 350 and 100 feet. Colonel said this fight was far the fiercest he had ever seen. We then went down and looked at the ground where they had fought. It was all ploughed up, spruce and alder trees literally pulled up by the roots scattered all around, and shrubs and bushes stamped into the ground. We found big bunches of hair from their hides and a large point of an antler seven inches long literally torn off. At the end of the break it was evident that it was torn from the main antler, as there are some rough, scraggly pieces sticking out, and although some of them are very thin, I cannot even bend them. It would be interesting to know what horsepower was required to accomplish this. The whole sight was unique and few people will ever see its like. We saw in all 18 moose and got back to camp about 6.30, where Bowden had prepared an excellent supper. It was cloudy and damp. Temperature, 44 degrees.

October 3, 1912 (Thursday).



BEAUTIFUL, clear morning. Temperature at 7, 42 degrees.

Bob and Colonel, who have more decided opinions than the others, think Pinchot was right in the coal-lands controversy. While it was most unfortunate for the people of Alaska to have them closed, it was

tures, in one case a big bull at 25 feet. He walked right up to us, and when he finally smelled us he ran as if he had been shot. He had certainly seen and heard us, and was probably curious to see what we were, but the minute he got our scent he scooted. Fritz snapped the camera as he was closest to the moose. Fritz took several other pictures at from 35 to 100 feet, and if he guessed the distances right in the hurry and excitement must certainly have gotten some good results. We got back to camp at 5. It was the longest walk we have taken. There were



THESE ARE MOOSE ON THE SKY LINE

better than having them gobbled up by a few men, which they think would have been the result if another policy had been pursued.

Colonel, Fritz and I left camp at 8. We went north again, up to the big lake, near which at different times we have seen through the glasses so many moose. We saw 30 moose, half bulls, all within range, but no heads we wanted. We got some good opportunities for pic-

no grades to speak of, but the going was very rough. Henry had come over from Andy's cabin and brought a piece of meat from a black bear Potter had shot yesterday. He took away one of the men's tents, as they now expect to "siwash" every night until their return. Bob arrived back from Camp 2 with supplies. Temperature, 8.30 P. M., 41 degrees. It was fine and clear all day. Colonel and Bob slept in my tent.

October 4, 1912 (Friday).



TEMPERATURE, 7.30 A. M., 40 degrees. Very cloudy and threatening.

In the morning we all stayed around camp. I read "Pickwick Papers."

After lunch it started to blow and then to rain very hard, with some hail. Khatmai, a volcano, is about

175 miles off, and we have heard sev-

eral low, rumbling noises, which the men think come from it. If there should be an eruption we might even here have great inconvenience from the ashes, if the wind blew direct from the volcano, which is southwest of us. When the eruption took place last spring the ashes fell, though in small quantities, in Vancouver, which is 1000 miles away. We kept under cover all afternoon, mostly in Fritz's tent, with the fire going in the stove. The rain and wind continued, with occasional let-ups, till bedtime. I turned in early, anticipating an early start to-morrow. Temperature, 8 P. M., 46 degrees.

October 5, 1912. (Saturday).



TEMPERATURE, 3.30 A. M., 44 degrees. The rain had stopped, and it was beautiful moonlight. We all left camp at 6. It was then a bit cloudy, but later the sun came out, and we had fine weather all day. Bob and Bowden went with us to where I shot the moose on Monday.

They then went back to camp with the head, and Colonel Fritz and I kept on. We planned to hunt all day and to sleep at Andy's cabin on the Kelley River, if we could find it, or, if not, to "siwash" for the night. Neither Colonel nor Fritz had ever been there. We had the wind with us all the way in the morning, and saw practically no game except a black bear away out of range. In the



A RIDGE COVERED WITH DEAD TIMBER IN THE MOOSE COUNTRY, FIVE MILES NORTH OF CAMP

afternoon we saw about 25 moose, but only one head we wanted. This bull showed himself for a short time on a ridge across a gulch from where we were. He was rushing around, chasing smaller bulls away from the cows, and making a great deal of noise. We tried to get within range of him, but, although we saw many others, he had disappeared. We went all around the big lake, of which I have written before, and over some ridges beyond, and finally at dark, as we could not find the cabin, we decided to "siwash" on the bank of the Kelley River. It was a long hard day of 13 hours, but I did not feel tired. We made a big fire, and Fritz cooked some bread and bacon and tea, and then I rolled up in my blanket for sleep. Colonel and Fritz laid down as they were, alternately sleeping and keeping the fire going until daylight should appear. This happened at 5.30. It was starlight all night.

October 6, 1912 (Sunday).



DIDN'T sleep much, but still felt refreshed after I had ducked my head in the cold water of the Kelley River. Our frugal breakfast being soon over, we started to find the cabin, thinking to stay there a day or two, providing we found any provisions, and then to hunt this fine moose country more thoroughly. We found the cabin in a clearing some distance down the river. The men "cached" their packs there, and we walked down the river for an hour looking for a crossing. We saw a cow and a bull on the shore within easy range. It was a fair head, but not big enough. Early we had seen what looked like a fine head, but it was a long way off. I thought it best to rest the balance of the day, so we went back to the cabin at 11.30. There was some of Potter's black bear meat there and some potatoes. We had an excellent lunch, which we naturally needed.



I SLEPT ROLLED UP IN A BLANKET IN FRONT OF THE DEAD TREE TRUNK.
CAMP FIRE IS AT THE RIGHT. KELLEY RIVER IN THE BACKGROUND



ANDY'S CABIN SIX MILES NORTH OF
CAMP FOUR, ON KELLEY RIVER

Colonel and I took naps, and Fritz went off to try for some pictures with my camera. The sun favored us for a couple of hours, but most of the day was cloudy and threatening, though quite mild. Turnagain Arm got its name in this way. Captain Cook was looking for the northwest passage back in 1740. He sailed up Prince William Sound and other inlets in vain, but when he got into Cook's Inlet, and from there into this great arm of water he thought he had at last found the passage for which he was searching, but he was wrong, and was obliged to "turn again." He then abandoned the project, sailing to Hawaii, where he was killed. Fritz returned at 6.30 and reported having seen at least 40 moose. He took eight pictures of cows and bulls. He said one of the bulls was a wonder, and would run at least 70 inches. He got some pictures of it at 40 feet. May the pictures verify in part at least his beliefs! There are two bunks in the cabin, and soon after supper I was in one and Fritz and Colonel in the other. The weather was clear and very mild.

October 7, 1912 (Monday).



LOUDY again. We started at 6.30, going over a ridge to a lake where Fritz had seen the big moose. We saw several cows and bulls, but no good heads. Later, at about noon, we spied a black bear feeding down in a swamp about a mile away. We went after him, and with much care and by keeping behind little spruce trees, I got a shot at about 75 yards. I hit him, and he ran into some timber, where I followed. I shot three times more, the last shot killing him. I am the worst shot in the world, and if I ever go on another hunting trip I must certainly practice at targets beforehand. It is idiotic to work so hard to get to the game and then run the risk of losing it in the last second by sheer stupidity. This was a yearling bear, weighing about 75 pounds, with a fine, soft hide. Bear meat like this is to my mind almost as good to eat as sheep meat. After cleaning him, Fritz packed the whole bear and we went on over ridges, through swamps, around a lake looking for a good moose. During the day we saw 29 in all, cows, calves and bulls, but no good heads. We got to the cabin at 5.45. The bear meat was too fresh to eat, so we contented ourselves with rice, bread and butter and tea. I was tired and glad to turn in.



MY FIRST BLACK BEAR SHOT TWO MILES WEST OF ANDY'S CABIN



FRITZ PACKING THE BEAR TO ANDY'S CABIN



FRITZ AND COLONEL



A CURIOUSLY SHAPED ANTLER



IN THE DISTANCE ARE SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS, WITH NO CLOUDS NEAR THEM. THE FIRST TIME I HAVE SEEN THIS EFFECT

October 8, 1912 (Tuesday).



WE LEFT the cabin at 9.30 in a drizzling rain, which continued all the time till we reached Camp 4, at 2.15, when it was pouring. Potter, Henry and Andy had arrived back Sunday. They had seen about 300 moose in the time they had been gone, and eight black bears. They had first gone to

Andy's cabin, and then had hunted about six miles west, and that day had killed a bear. The next day they hunted south from there, and in the afternoon, on a ridge about three miles from the cabin, Andy sighted a big bull in a swamp, and realized it was the biggest moose they had seen. It was about 1 o'clock, and they followed him for a mile. The wind was wrong, and they couldn't get closer than 500 yards. The moose laid down on the edge of the swamp and stayed there from 2 until 5.30. They then got down on their hands and knees and crawled to within 150 yards of him, when he jumped up, and Potter shot him. He was about 6 years old, light brown in color, 6 feet 7 inches at the shoulders, with the shoulder blades shoved up. Spread, $64\frac{7}{8}$ inches, blades, 26 inches, 15 points on one side, and 14 on the other. The moose was decidedly a freak, as both blades were in shape of a "V." It was the heaviest moose head they had ever seen, weighing, they judged, about 100 pounds. The horns were very soft inside, and punctured, where the bull had been fighting, were plainly visible. The next

day they went over to the Kaciloff Slope, about 12 miles, and camped. They saw 24 moose in plain sight in a space of about 10 acres, some 500 yards away. They called bulls up to within 25 yards of the campfire at twilight. On Saturday they started hunting bear, and at noon located one black bear and three cubs on a flat, and got within 60 yards of them and killed them all. They took the skins only, and the next morning early started for Camp 4, where we found them to-day. They left the moose where Potter had shot him, and the head being so heavy, two men will have to pack it back by easy stages later. Bob and Henry had gone to Camp 2 for some supplies yesterday, and arrived back shortly after we did. The rain was coming down in torrents, and we all had lunch in Fritz's little tent, very close quarters, especially as most of us were sopping wet. It was luxury to get clean clothes, a bath and a shave in the afternoon. I had not had my clothes off for over three days. In the evening the rain stopped. We offered prizes to the man who could hold his arm out straight for the longest time. This was the result: Bob, 9 minutes; Fritz, 10 minutes; Henry, 35 minutes; Colonel 1 hour, 5 minutes; Bowden $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours; Andy, 2 hours, and he then held, with his arm still straight, a 10-pound bag of salt for almost two minutes. This must be a record, as it is ordinarily difficult to hold one's arm out straight for five minutes. We stayed up till 11 o'clock, which is the latest of the trip. Temperature, 38 degrees. Bowden said the temperature fell to 20 degrees on Monday night.

October 9, 1912 (Wednesday).



EMPERATURE, at 8.30, 40 degrees. Potter has shot his limit, so he, Andy, Colonel and I started out about 10 to get some pictures and to see if I could get another moose. We went north, and Potter called several moose very close with his birch-bark horn.

It is wonderful how accurately he imitates their call. About 12 o'clock we saw, about 500 yards away, a big bull, and we decided that I should try for him. We circled around, and I first got a shot at a distance of 300 yards, and I fired four times in rapid succession. He was only wounded, and ran off into some timber, where I followed and emptied my gun and then Colonel's again before he was killed. I ought to be fined by the S. P. C. A. It was the best looking head of the four we had shot. It measured 55 inches spread. Potter took a picture of me shooting it, and Andy took one at the same time of Potter photographing me. I hope they are good, but the light was very bad. It was then 2 o'clock, and Potter and I started back to camp, leaving Andy and



M. L. P. SHOOTING A MOOSE

Colonel to skin out the head and pack it over about a mile to the Kings County Trail, where they will pick it up on their final return to Seward. Potter and I got back to camp in an hour and ten minutes, pretty good time for two and one-half miles, considering the kind of going and the pouring rain. Andy and Colonel got back at 4.30, and we all had an early dinner of my bear's meat. Henry and Bowden went out and shot six ptarmigan for me, as I want, if possible, to bring them and six grouse home for Squire Biddle. The moose head weighed about 85 pounds. Colonel had passed by without even seeing this moose, and if it had not been for Andy and Potter I would not have known it was there. It merely shows the advantage of having a good guide. Colonel and I have been hunting for weeks for just such a head as this, and we never got near one. I go out with two experts and get it in a few hours. I am just as well satisfied, as otherwise I should never have taken the long walks I have. This does not mean that Colonel is not a good guide, but simply that he is not in the class with Andy, or with Potter either, as far as moose are concerned. We are breaking camp to-morrow preparatory to our return home. We want to start early, so turned in at 8 o'clock. Temperature, 44 degrees.



W. P. PHOTOGRAPHING M. L. P. SHOOTING A MOOSE



MY SECOND MOOSE



ANOTHER VIEW OF MY SECOND MOOSE



M. S. P., ANDY AND COLONEL AND MY SECOND MOOSE

October 10, 1912 (Thursday).



TEMPERATURE, 42 degrees at 6 A. M. At 7.20 we started, Potter, Andy, Colonel, Bob, Bowden and I. We left Fritz and Henry behind, and we were sorry to say good-bye. They will gradually pack our things and trophies down to the lake, as we are taking with us only what we will

ifer welcomed us with true hospitality. He rather expected us. The packers had always spent the night here when packing things up from the lake (Camp 2), and told him we would probably be along to-day. He had a big dinner all ready. He is about 50 years old, with sandy hair and mustache. Born in Tennessee, he went to Texas, then to South America for three years, then to Arizona, and then to Alaska in 1892, where he has been ever since, except for one trip to Seattle. He, with his dogs, lives alone in this neat cabin, trapping and prospecting.



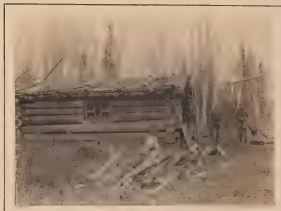
FRANK (RED) STANDIFER AND HIS CABIN

need to get to Seward. The others will return to them as soon as they see us safe at Seward, and later will ship everything to us at Philadelphia. We saw a bull moose swimming across the river on the way. We stopped at Standifer's tent for lunch at 11 o'clock. We passed the site of Camp 3 and, following the Kings County Trail all the way, arrived at Red Standifer's cabin (about a mile from Camp 2) before 3 o'clock, having covered the 17 miles in seven and one-half hours, including more than one and one-half hours of stops. Stand-

ifer had a partner last year, who took the skins that they had obtained during the winter, including a black fox skin, to Seward to sell. He got over \$700 for the lot, went on a spree, and so far "Red" has gotten nothing. He is not a scholar, but is a gentleman nevertheless, and nothing can exceed his politeness and hospitality. We all spent the night here. The room is 18 by 14 feet, and the end has four bunks right across, two above and two below. There are two glass windows, a stove, tables, chairs, and generally more comforts than in any cabin I have

seen, besides which everything is as neat as wax. It is good for one to meet a man like this, so isolated and yet so contented, mild-mannered and pleasant. I doubt if he can read, and yet he has all the instincts of a gentleman. He says he will never leave Alaska now. A man who has little here, he says, can make a living and still be a man and his own master. He had three mink and three weasel skins, which I bought from him for \$16.50.

"Red" was telling me about foxes. There are here four kinds—red, cross, silver and black. They all breed



ANOTHER VIEW OF
STANDFEL AND HIS CABIN



TENT ON KINGIS COUNTY TRAIL, BELONGING TO
RED STANDFEL, A PROSPECTOR; WE LINGERED HERE



HENRY AND BOB

in together and have from two to six pups. A red fox may have cross, silver and black pups at the same time, and vice-versa. He watches around the country in summer and locates their holes, and thus knows where to set his traps in winter. In other parts of the country there are blue and white foxes, but not here. "Spot," "Red's" big dog, is a cross between a setter and a Mackenzie River huskie. He is an intelligent, big, good-natured fellow, and can do anything from being leader on a sled to hunting. Temperature, 44 degrees at bedtime.

October 11, 1912 (Friday).



TEMPERATURE, 6 A. M., 38 degrees. "Red's" alarm clock woke us all early. One of the bunks was out of commission, so Colonel, Andy, Bob and Bowden had slept on the floor. We had a fine breakfast, and soon bid good-bye to our host and his dogs and started to walk about a mile to the lake, where our boats were. It is almost impossible to row across Lake Shilak in a south wind, and when we started, at 8.30, we were afraid we would not get far, and so it proved, for when we had rowed about one and one-half miles we were obliged to put in to Caribou Island. We waited there four hours, had lunch, and the men engaged in various contests. We then decided to row across to the mainland, about one and one-half miles further on, and camp there until the wind was favorable.



RED'S DOG SPOT



BOB PUTTING THE SHOT

We sat around the campfire until dark, and the conversation became very deep. The questions asked were unanswerable by any of us, and included the origin of man, the height of the stars, and what became of those one saw falling, why they shone and various other queries regarding the heavens. Was there anything in Darwin's theory; how old was the Bible, and by how many years did Chinese and Egyptian history antedate it. So many people could have answered these questions, and I am ashamed of my ignorance.

About 8 every one rolled up in blankets to rest, the men in relays, keeping the fire going, and arranging to call us as soon as the wind died down. At 2.45 A. M., in a drizzling rain, we decided to start. It had been starlight at 12, and the weather gave us the blues, but we all piled in the boat, and were soon well under way. We kept as near shore as possible, the dark outlines of the spruce timber showing up well against the cloudy sky.

It was pretty rough going some of the time. There were six of us in the big flat-bottomed boat, but three pairs of oars working at once, got us over very comfortably, notwithstanding, and we arrived about 3. Sometimes people are delayed here for days at a time, and we are wondering if we will get to Seward in time for the boat scheduled to sail October 15th. I had thought of this when I telegraphed mother that we might not get in till October 20th.

I have just been watching Colonel make bread. Our cooking utensils are limited just now; he opened a 10-pound bag of flour, poured in enough water and baking powder for one pan and mixed it with a stick. Then he took out the dough, put it in the pan on the fire and, while it was baking, mixed some more in the same way. "Necessity is the mother of invention!"



WIND SOUND ON CARIBOU ISLAND.
LAKE SKILLOFF "A FOOT RACE"

October 12, 1912 (Saturday).



AT 5.30 A. M. we landed on a stony beach. We had made the 10 miles in just two and three-quarter hours. It was clear again, and the stars were shining. We had some coffee, and warmed up over a big fire, leaving the boat there to take the men back across the lake when they returned. We started about 7 of a clear, beautiful morning to make our way back on foot along the Kenai River. We had come down in boats, but the water was too rapid to go up that



SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS FROM LAKE SULLIVAN

way, and later, when the men are bringing back our trophies, they must tow the boats canal fashion; a hard, tedious job, but they expect by that time that the water will be lower. Till we got on the trail it was very difficult walking, and at 11.30 we arrived at Steve's Landing, at the head of the cañon. We had come only about four miles. We decided to lunch here. I had more trouble with my shoes, and had to change with Potter, who had rubber packs. They were much more comfortable, but having no spikes, I had to be careful, and my progress was slow. I had had no sleep the night before, so took an hour's nap after lunch, and we started



VIEW AT LAKE SHILAK



ANOTHER VIEW

tents, a high cache for keeping salmon and a log house for smoking it, and an old Indian "brabria" or hut, where Abbott lives. Everything was dirty and untidy, including Olsen himself (Abbott was away), and it was in marked contrast to Red's, but Olsen was hospitality itself, and gave us a good dinner and a tent to sleep in. He is a Norwegian, and has been in Alaska 14 years. He had just cut his hand badly with an axe, and it was wrapped up in a piece of dirty linen, with the blood coming through. I suggested care and a little soap, but he scarcely deigned to answer. To-day, looking down from the trail through the trees, I saw a large brown bear in the Kenai River, but it was in view only for a minute. We all turned in at 7, dead tired.

again at 1.30. The trail was much better, and we arrived at Kelly Olsen's camp at the junction of Kenai and Russian rivers, at 4.45 P. M. Good time for the eight miles covered since lunch. The trees were bare, and the ground was covered with their fallen leaves, wet and slippery. There was much new snow on the mountains, but otherwise the colorings were dull and gray. We had met three prospectors on the trail, who were going to Shilak Lake. They were the first people we had seen ("Red" excepted) since we were out. They reported the "Bat" to be at Cooper Creek landing, so Colonel, after a hurried dinner at Olsen's, decided to go on alone and hold it there till we arrived the next day. Olsen and a man named Abbott have camps together. There are four



KELLY OLSEN



VIEW ON KENAI LAKE

October 13, 1912 (Sunday).



WE WERE up at 6.30. It had rained during the night, and was a dull morning, but we all slept well, and Olsen gave us a good breakfast of eggs, coffee, flapjacks and moose meat. Abbott had a partner named Glutz. They had a dispute about the proper way to cut salmon. Shortly afterward Abbott was sitting in front of his hut talking to an old man named Flaherty, who was inside, when Glutz walked out of his tent and fired at Abbott with his revolver. The bullet went through his arm, and cut some hair off Flaherty's neck. We saw where the bullet had torn a hole in a log in the hut. They disarmed Glutz and got him calmed down. Soon after Abbott left camp. Glutz thought he had gone to Seward to have him arrested, so took a shorter route and gave himself up, before Abbott got there. He was very penitent. He was being tried at Cordova while we were at the camp, and that accounted for Abbott's absence. Olsen told us that once in Arizona he was in a barroom. A man walked in who was a desperado, and well known to have killed several men in other States. Shortly afterward two other

men came in who were known to be in pursuit of the "man-killer" on some personal grudge. Before any one realized what was happening, and apparently without changing his position, the "man-killer" shot them both dead. He then turned to the bartender and said "send for the sheriff," and gave himself up. At the trial he was acquitted, on the ground of self-defense, as it was shown that the two men had planned to kill him.

Olsen told me that the Russian River is filled with rainbow trout, and that they will bite at anything. He had often sat there and pulled them in just as fast as he could get his line out. They run as high as eight pounds in weight. We left the camp at 8 and proceeded on our way over a fine trail. We soon shot the six spruce grouse that I wanted to take home. We shortly arrived at the plant of the Kenai Dredging Company, where they sift the gold from the grade gravel. Sometimes they get only \$1.00 in gold out of a ton of gravel, but even this low ratio is made to pay. There were half a dozen men around, including a Jap cook. It was wonderful to see how they all welcomed Bob. He is a favorite with everybody, and when I said to one of the men that I supposed it was a great event to have strangers come along and that it was nice, he said, "Yes, that's so, but especially



"THE BAY" WHICH TOOK US ACROSS KENAI LAKE, GOING AND COMING

Bob; we all like to see Bob," and I feel the same way. He is just the nicest, kindest, most thoughtful person one can imagine. We arrived at the landing of the Cooper Creek Mining Company, on Kenai River, at 11.15, good time for the 8 miles, but it was the best trail we have been on. It was a thrilling moment for me, as it marked the end of all my walking. Colonel was there with the *Bat* and her skipper, and we were soon under way. We had two miles on the river, which is smooth here, and then some twenty odd miles across Lake Kenai to the Roosevelt Road House, at Mile 23½ on the railroad, whence we had set out some six weeks before. We arrived at 2.30. Lunch was nearly ready, as Mrs. Roberts had seen the signal for food, a white flag on the mast, as we approached. Andy won the pool we had made up for the nearest guess to the time of our arrival, his guess being 3.30 Sunday. Most of the trip on the lake was through fog and mist and rain, but I tried a few pictures when at long intervals it got brighter. The others, after lunch, went over to Andy's house, near Mile 18, to look at his collection of bear skins, while Bob and I stayed behind. The little car does not run on Sundays, but I wanted, over the telephone, to induce the manager, Mr. Davis, to send it for us, and finally succeeded. He



ON KENAI LAKE

hesitated to send it out at so late an hour, owing to the danger of fallen logs on the track the return trip being of necessity in the dark. The car arrived at 6, and Bob and I got aboard and stopped for the others at Mile 18. Colonel had walked on to Mile 12, where his wife has taken the little roadhouse for the winter. We next stopped there to see them. His wife is a very pretty, black-eyed little woman, evidently with some Indian blood in her, very polite and quite attractive. They have three very bright little children, two boys and a girl, and seem a happy family, with the lady evidently its head. We stayed but a few minutes. The house is right on the railroad, with a wooden platform from its door to the track. It was dark and raining, and, after saying good-bye, I promptly stepped off the platform and dropped about four feet, onto some stones, but for some reason was not even scratched. We got to Seward at 7.30 and were welcomed by our friend Sexton, of the Coleman House, whether we at once repaired, and after cleaning up a bit we all dined together at the Commerce restaurant, which is now the only one open. It has rained here almost incessantly since we left, and has been a most unusual season. I got satisfactory letters and telegrams from the office and nice letters from mother and Pill, after reading which I turned in about 12 o'clock.



VIEW ON KENAI LAKE FROM
ROOSEVELT ROAD HOUSE AT MILE 23½

October 14, 1912 (Monday).



TEMPERATURE, 40 degrees. I got up at 11, and was very glad to discard all my camping clothes. I took chances of catching cold, and yielded to the temptation of leaving off my woolen underwear. After lunch or, rather, breakfast, we settled up with Colonel and Andy, giving them checks for their services, as well as for those of Bob, Fritz and Henry. We paid them all for 60 days, as by the time they get back from Lake Shilak it will be nearly November 1st. The two former get \$10 a day, and the others \$5 a day. We then made the necessary affidavits before a notary public that our trophies were not purchased and that we had shot them ourselves. Moose heads may be taken out of the country only if one has shot them oneself, and upon payment of \$150 for each head, so, as we are taking out four heads, we had to pay \$600. This amount we sent by post-office order to the Governor, at Juneau, with the request that he send here the necessary permit to allow the heads to go out. All other heads and skins we can send out on our hunting licenses, which cost \$50 apiece. It rained all afternoon, and I sat in the hotel reading and writing. It looks as if we would be here until Friday, as the *Alameda* is reported two days late, and the *Admiral Sampson*, due Wednesday from the westward, is all sold out. I saw Mr. Stewart to-day. He and his family are returning east by the *Alameda*. Colonel and his wife, Bob, and Andy all dined with us at the Commerce. I sat up till nearly 12 listening to the "sour doughs" and a couple of hunters telling yarns around the hotel stove.

October 15, 1912 (Thursday).



POURING again. Was there ever such weather? There is often discussion as to whether the moose are decreasing, and the best opinion seems to be that they decidedly are. On an old shelf at Red's one day I found part of a copy of *Munsey's Magazine* for 1897, and it was full of interesting things, including serials by Marion Crawford and Hall Caine, an article on Thackeray, another on Dickens, and it made me wonder whether there had been a falling off in the standards of magazine literature even in so short a period as the last fifteen years.

Colonel wanted some money, and the bank wouldn't cash our check until it had been collected, so I wired the office to send me by telegraph \$1500. That will give us plenty of money. I had intended getting some at Seattle, anyhow. It has been a dull day. I read "A Holiday Romance" and "George Silverman's Explanation," two of Dickens' short stories. We went with Andy and Bob to dine with the Colonel and his wife, who have a little house here, and had come up from Mile 12 for the occasion. Mrs. Revelle is a very good cook, and gave us delicious chicken salad and lemon meringue pie. It is a beautiful starlight night. I talked to-day to a Dr. Romig, who is a graduate of the Hahnemann Hospital in Philadelphia, and was at one time Dr. VanLennep's assistant. The *Alameda* won't get here before Saturday, and we will try for the *Admiral Sampson* if she gets in sooner.

October 16, 1912 (Wednesday).



CLEAR day at last. We went to the bowling alley in the morning, and Bob and I played against Potter and Andy. The bank telephoned me they had the money for which I had wired, so I went up and got it. There is very little paper money about here, and one's pockets are weighted down with gold and silver. In the afternoon word was received that the *Admiral Sampson* would dock about 6. We had been able to reserve a room on her, so we decided to sail, as there was no probability of the *Alameda* arriving before Saturday. The ship sailed at 8, and Colonel, Andy and Bob stayed with us until she was off. Everybody said good-bye, and we felt as if we were parting from old friends. Sexton, Wittlesea, Dr. Romig and many others whose names I don't recall were on hand. Mr. Sexton gave me some pumice stone that had been picked up hot, sixty miles from the volcano, at the time of the eruption last spring. He told me that the *Dora*, a little steamer running westward from here, was 100 miles away from the volcano at the time, and that many tons of ashes fell on her, covering her decks with a coating several inches thick. The *Admiral Sampson* is small, and is overcrowded with people going out for the winter from Kenai, Saldovia and points west. We had as good a room as there was, but no stateroom is big enough for two people. We met a nice-looking young Scot, who has a ranch in British Columbia, and has been hunting on Kacilof Lake with fair success.



BOAT GOING ASHORE FOR BLUE FOXES
NEAR PEAR ISLAND IN PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND

October 17, 1912. (Thursday).



LOUDY and rainy. We spent several hours during the night at La Touche, taking on ore, which seriously interfered with our sleeping arrangements. Later we anchored off Greene Island, and a boat went ashore, taking a man who had bought some blue foxes from a fox ranch located here. We waited

three hours while a sailboat towing one of the ship's boats brought out 15 crates, containing 30 foxes, which were stowed away on the lower deck. The owner is taking them to New Brunswick, where he has a fox ranch on an island in the Bay of Fundy. We started again at noon, 17 hours from Seward, although it should be only a seven-hour run. This boat is nothing but a tramp, and in addition to being crowded has bad food and very inadequate accommodations. We spend most of our time in our room, which, fortunately, is on deck and is big enough for four to sit in, one or two on the lower bunk, one on a stool and another on top of a little trunk. At 2.30 we stopped again and another boat went ashore and brought out 13 more boxes of foxes. These are blue foxes, and are bred for their skins, which bring

\$75 to \$100 each. This man on the ship had bought all these and more some time before at prices said to be as high as \$300 a pair, and was now getting them together prior to shipment East.

Late in the afternoon it had cleared, and the scenery was very beautiful. The ship passed through narrow channels, with high spruce-covered hills on both sides, and when the channels widened out the great snow-covered mountains would surround us. We stopped at Ellinar about 6, and it was then bright starlight. At 8 we reached Valdez, and we docked alongside the *Alameda*, Seward bound. We debated about changing over, but decided to stick to the *Sampson*.

In answer to a wire which Potter had sent him, Overfield, Pennsylvania, '99, a classmate of his, and former center on the football team of which Potter was a member, was at the dock, and took us to the little club, where we met several residents. Potter and Overfield had not met for 13 years. Overfield is United States judge out here and travels all over the country holding court and settling the various disputes that arise. When he first came he was looking after a claim which he had bought and which proved to be on paper only. It was perfectly clear and freezing when we returned at 11.20 to the ship, which sailed at 12.



BOAT COMING BACK WITH THE FOXES IN CRATES

October 18, 1912 (Friday).



WE ARRIVED at Cordova at 6 A. M., left at 8. I was lazy and didn't get up, as we had been there before in the daytime. It was a cloudy day. Temperature at noon, 50 degrees. It rained all afternoon. The young Scot is such an attractive fellow. His name is J. R. Pelham Burn, and he is 25, tall, blond and good looking. There is little opportunity of finding out much about the passengers. About 20 people can crowd into the smoking-room, which is always full. The social hall contains a piano, two tables and a bench around the wall. In the middle is the stairway, leading to the saloon. There are 180 first-class passengers, which is the ship's capacity. At 7 we stopped off Kattalla. There is no dock here, and a tender came out with some passengers and a huge raft carrying freight. Then another tender came with a raft filled with barrels of fish and 250 cases of salmon, all of which we took aboard. The rain had stopped, but it was pitch dark. We went to bed before the ship started again.

October 19, 1912 (Saturday).



RAINING and rough. We are outside, and will be all day. The blondest lady I have ever seen got off at Kattalla. She had many of the characteristics of other extreme "peroxides," and I was rather worried about the captain, whose society she seemed constantly to court. However, it was all right. She proved to be the wife of the doctor at Kattalla. She was on the steamer on its outward trip, and, with some others, had to be carried on westward, as it was too rough to land when they reached Kattalla. She was an English woman and a nurse (praise heaven), whom the doctor had met in a hospital in London. It poured all day, and we stayed in our cabin. There was no place else to sit, and besides it was so rough we were glad of an excuse to keep quiet. It was a long day. I read "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Sketches by Boz." At about 10.30 in the evening we were off Cape Spenser. The weather having cleared somewhat, we went on through "Icy Straights" at half speed. We had feared that the weather might keep us outside till daylight.

October 20, 1912 (Sunday).



WHEN I got up at 8 we were steaming slowly through the Lynn Canal. It was very cloudy still. Temperature, 42 degrees at 10 o'clock. There are many islands, and sometimes we go very close to both shores, which are high hills covered with spruce. At 9 we anchored at the wharf of a cannery in Tee Harbor, where we are to take on some 9000 cases of salmon. Each case contains 48 pounds of fish, and they figure on loading 1000 cases an hour. We went on shore, but there was little to see. The cannery had shut down for the season. This is the Tee Harbor



MR. AND MRS. ERSKINE
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Cannery, and is owned by some men in Seattle. I met a Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, from San Francisco. They were very nice. He works for the Alaska Commercial Company and the Alaska Packers' Association, and spends the summers in Kodiak, running one of their stores and prospecting for fish. He takes wonderful pictures and gave me some points which I hope will be useful. She is very slight and rather pretty. We left the cannery at 8 P. M. In the evening we played auction in the captain's room with Mr. and Mrs. Erskine. They improve on acquaintance. They were at Kodiak at the time of the eruption of Mt. Katmai. Mrs. Erskine said the first sign they had of it was a dark cloud which appeared from the southwest at 3 in the afternoon, and



U. S. ADMIRAL SAMPSON AT
THE CANNERY DOCK IN TEE HARBOR

gradually grew larger and darker and came nearer and nearer until at 5 o'clock they were enveloped and in total darkness, everything meanwhile becoming covered with a fine, grey dust-like powder. Usually at that time of the year, June 6th, it is not twilight until 10 o'clock, and does not become dark at all. They took refuge on the United States Revenue Cutter *Manning*, which was at the dock. About 10 A. M., on the 7th, it brightened up a bit for about three hours and then darkness came again and stayed till 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th. Early on the morning of the 8th the church bells were rung, summoning everybody to the dock. Some were put in the warehouse and some taken on board the revenue cutter, and that night, when it cleared, every one was taken on



CANNERY IN TEE HARBOR

board and the vessel steamed out into the harbor, expecting to put out to sea if the darkness shut down again. There were over 500 people on board the boat, all of whom had to be fed, as the country all around was covered with the dust 18 inches thick. It was two days before the people got back on land again, and it will be years before the effects of the eruption are gone. The only deaths were of some babies from drinking the polluted water. Think of all this and the volcano 90 miles away. At 11.30 we arrived at Juneau. Here we visited the shop of a man named Case. He had been hunting in the Kenai Peninsula, and had been a fellow-passenger from Seward. I bought a few baskets, wooden curios and other things made by the Indians. We sailed again at 12.30 and so got to bed very late.



GULLS IN TEE HARBOR, LYNN CANAL

October 21, 1912 (Monday).



T 9 o'clock we anchored at Petersburg at the entrance to Wrangell Narrows. Through here is some of the finest scenery of the trip, but it is raining and misty and we can see but little. As we approached the dock literally thousands of ducks flew off before us, teal, mallards, butter balls and I know not what others. We went ashore. There is a large cannery. At an adjoining dock they



PETERSBURG AT THE ENTRANCE
OF WRANGELL NARROWS

were packing halibut with a mixture of cracked ice into boxes as fast as the fish were thrown up from a little schooner. The boxes were then taken aboard our ship. This is a growing industry, I learned, but no shipments of fish packed in this way are made to very distant points. If fair prices are realized the profit must be large, as they tow in a bit of an iceberg for the ice, and as it costs nothing to catch the fish, the freight charges, the boxes and the nails make up the expense. The little settlement is prettily located on a point, and the few buildings we saw seemed to be of rather better ap-



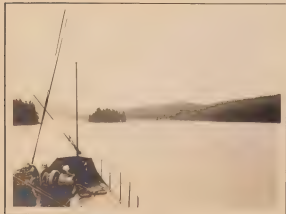
ANOTHER VIEW OF PETERSBURG



A GRAVE ON A LITTLE ISLAND IN WRANGELL NARROWS

pearance than those at Seward. A Seattle paper, of October 17th, gave us no news of interest. We started at 12.30 for the wonderful trip through the Narrows. The *Alameda* is too big to safely make this route, and on the journey up we went around outside, avoiding Wrangell Narrows. The captain invited us into the pilot house, and I spent several hours there in the afternoon. The boat ran at slow speed through the narrow channels. There were hills and mountains on both sides, and the fresh snow on the tops shone very brightly when an occasional ray of sunlight struck it. I talked a little with the man who owns the foxes. He told me that

he came out to Alaska last winter. It was 40 degrees below zero at some places on the way out, and when he got to Juneau he found summer weather, the men wearing straw hats and flannel trousers. The captain is a quiet, genial fellow, very polite and thoughtful. We played auction in his room again to-night, and at 9.30 the steamer docked at Ketchikan. The rain was coming down hard and it was blowing a gale, but I went ashore. The town is larger than most of those out here (about 2000) and more pretentious. More hotels and larger and better class shops. The streets, as well as the sidewalks, are of planks. We were off again at 11.



WRANGELL NARROWS FROM THE PILOT HOUSE



SNOW PASS AFTER LEAVING WRANGELL NARROWS

October 22, 1912 (Tuesday).



HERMOMETER, 9 A. M., 37 degrees. It's a pity to have such bad weather through these narrow waterways. There are so many beautiful effects which we miss seeing. I walked around this morning with a young Australian, evidently a bride.

Her husband is an engineer and they have been in Alaska three months, coming here direct on their arrival at Vancouver from Australia. She is rather pretty and told me much of her country. The man who owns the foxes, while illiterate, is none the less a philosopher. We were watching three little boats, each with an occupant fishing. "Them fellows," he said, "are happier, I believe, than we are grubbing for the dollars, of course they don't know any better, but I reckon they're



FALLS IN FRASER REACH



ANOTHER FALLS



CANNERY AND FALLS AT END OF FRASER REACH

all the better off for that." Then he hesitated and said: "Of course, it wouldn't do for every one to be that way, for then there'd be no progress, but still—" and so he rambled on. He told me that he had 78 foxes on board which had cost an average of \$95 a pair. When he finally landed them at his destination they would stand him \$170 a pair. He has been in this line in Alaska fourteen years. He and two partners are investing \$25,000 in this new enterprise. I spent some time in the pilot house this afternoon. It is certainly a fine way to see all the variety of scenery here presented, and on a clear day would give opportunities for some splendid pictures. I played bridge this evening with Mrs. James, the Australian, and two men, fellow-passengers, whose names I do not know. It rained all day, but the moon came out about 10 P. M. Temperature, 42 degrees at bedtime.



SEA GULL TAKEN FROM PILOT HOUSE

October 23, 1912 (Wednesday).



OURING again. It stopped about 10, but continued cloudy all day. A passenger took a straw vote this morning, including women and children. 143 voted: Wilson, 56; Roosevelt, 54; Debs, 25; Taft, 8. There are 185 passengers on the boat. This ship is 280 feet over all, tonnage, 2262 and would use about 45 tons of coal a day. She now burns crude oil and uses some 180 barrels a day. She makes about 12 knots. I spent most of the day in the pilot house. That is the ideal place in a ship, both for comfort and to see the scenery. We passed the



TAKEN AT FIFTEEN FEET

Spokane from Skaguay, and soon afterward Potter got a wireless from Dr. Morris Lewis, who was aboard her, saying, "he wanted to see him in Seattle." Burn is one of the most attractive young fellows I have ever met. He is very good looking and has such a pleasant voice and nice manners. We have become accustomed to the ship by this time, but are none the less pleased at the prospect of getting in to-morrow morning early. It cleared in the evening, which we spent in our cabin talking to Burn and his guide, Little, whom he had taken with him from Vancouver. At 9 o'clock we steamed through "Active Pass" by moonlight. It is a narrow strip of water with two sharp turns, the ship passing close to the banks on either side.



J. E. PELHAM-DUTRA

October 24, 1912 (Thursday).



JUST 4 A. M. Burn opened our door and shouted "here we are." It was clear. Bowden shortly appeared, and we soon bade "farewell" to the *Admiral Sampson* and her nice captain and steward. We went to the Washington Hotel, where I received satisfactory letters from the office and

H. L. P. After a bath and change of clothes it was 6 o'clock and still dark. I had breakfast at a little lunch room, as the hotel dining room did not open till 6.30. At 8 o'clock I boarded the Great Northern Railroad's train for Vancouver. A Mr. Godson there, who is connected with the Associated Charities, has been very kind to Cuthbert, and mother was anxious for me to see him. After leaving the tunnel leading out of Seattle we skirted Puget Sound, and I noticed a thick fog on it. It was well that the *Sampson* got in before this settled down. It is 156 miles to Vancouver, and this train, which stops everywhere on the route, takes 7½ hours. The fast train does it in 5½ hours. There is, however, a chair car and a diner, where I had an excellent lunch. The views, which included ranges of mountains, both snow-capped and timber-covered, were seriously interfered with by the cloudy weather and numerous showers. At White Rock the customs men came aboard and examined our luggage. The head waiter in the dining car, who told me his wife had been sick and that he had been up with her for three nights, was caught asleep in his car by a spotter before the diner was opened. The latter had implied that he would report him, and the waiter asked me to say a word in his favor. In doing this later in the smoker, I got much information from the "spotter," whose name was Elliott. He told me that New Westminster, where we crossed the Fraser River after leaving the shores of Puget Sound, is the oldest town around here, the Hudson Bay Company having had a station there before even Vancouver was founded. There is some very fertile land after passing here worth from \$200 to \$300 an acre. Oats is the principal crop, the land being too wet for wheat. He said that this year much of the wheat crop in Alberta, Saskatchewan and the Dakotas would rot, as they could

not get the labor to harvest it, even though wages as high as \$4.50 a day and board were offered. Two or three years ago there was too much labor but small crops. In some places, where the wheat grows high, they use what are called "headers," machines drawn sometimes by as many as thirty-six horses, which cut the stalks close to the top, thresh out the grain and pack it in bags all ready to be driven off in wagons, but they can be used only where the stalks attain a certain height. In the Dakotas, he said, the grain is shipped in carloads and not in bags. The approach to Vancouver is impressive as one looks toward the city. It lies on a bay, an inlet of Puget Sound, and great, black rocky mountains, with snowy peaks, tower up behind it.

We arrived at 3.30 and I went in a taxicab to Mr. Godson's office. He is a handsome, well-dressed English gentleman and was courteous in the extreme. I could see that he was busy, but I talked with him about Cuthbert for an hour. I dined at the Vancouver Hotel, a big uncomfortable ugly building with, however, a very fair cuisine. Dun-Waters, a fellow-passenger on the *Admiral Sampson*, who had been hunting near Lake Kacilof, joined me and we were both surprised at meeting again so soon. He is a Scotchman and has a ranch in British Columbia, whither he is bound. He is addicted to cold baths and used to swim in the lake daily in Alaska, and on the steamer would get up early, while the decks were being washed down, and have one of the sailors turn the hose on him. After two unsuccessful calls at Cuthbert's lodgings, I found him at 9 o'clock. I took him out to supper, and as we walked around he was interested in telling me all about the city, the different buildings, streets, sections, etc. He was quite intelligent in his queries as to the effect the Panama Canal might have on the Pacific Coast ports, and especially on Vancouver. He stayed with me until I left. I had planned to return to Seattle by boat, and had engaged passage and a room. Much to my regret I found on arriving at the dock at 11.30 that the boat for Seattle had sailed at 11, although I had been informed that the sailing hour was 11.45. I went then to the Great Northern Railroad Station and took the 12.15 train. It rained at intervals all afternoon and evening. I got no pictures and saw little of the city, which, however, I learned is rapidly growing, and seemed quite a metropolis. I was informed that the population was about 175,000.

October 25, 1912 (*Friday*).



ARRIVED in Seattle at 8.10, after a good night on the train. At the hotel, I went to bed again, and slept until 12. Potter had lunched yesterday with Burn and Mr. Jamison, Dr. Lewis and Mr. Martindale, a Mr. Slaughter from Chicago, and a son of Senator Elkins, all of whom had been hunting in Alaska, though in different sections, and all of whom had arrived back in Seattle the same day. It rained all afternoon, and I stayed in the hotel writing, and later went to a very nice store where I bought some Dickens' books for Fritz, some miscellaneous literature for Bob, "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" for Peter Morris, and books for Colonel's three children, to be sent them at Christmas. At 7.10 we left on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Dined on the train. We had a drawing-room together.

October 26, 1912 (Saturday).



IT WAS unfortunate that we had not bought tickets good to return on another route, but as the return trip will be at different hours in daylight, we will see much that is new. I spent the entire day on the observation platform, and some of the scenery, especially in the afternoon, was very wild



NEAR TUSCON

actors. The child had never been to school, but could read and write and behaved very well. The women were very pleasant and looked more like farmers' wives than actresses. The man was a character and very amusing and not at all coarse. Then there was a Harvard graduate of 1900 Dr. Crossman and his attractive little wife, who live in Seattle and are going all the way east on a trip. He was born and bred in Montana, and told me much of the country. When the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed, its through tourists' tickets



GORGE AT MONTANA-IDAHO STATE LINE

and wonderful. We skirted the shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille for many miles, then the north bank of the Fork River and later the Jocko and Hellgate Rivers. There were many peaks of the Cœur d'Alene, Mission and Bitter Root ranges. My day on the observation platform began at Spokane, where we arrived at 8.30 and ended at Missoula at 5.30. I had 10 minutes' walk on the station platform at Butte before going to bed. I talked with a variety of people to-day. There was a woman and her little daughter, another woman and a man, all variety



NEAR MONTANA-IDAHO STATE LINE



LAKE PEND D'OREILLE



FLAT HEAD INDIAN RESERVATION IS NEAR HERE

all read to Washington, that the State wherein was its terminus might be developed first. Later they read to Idaho and now it is Montana's turn, and this State is going ahead very fast. A woman saw me taking a photograph and asked me how many I took each day. I said I had no rule; sometimes a dozen, sometimes none. She said, "It's much better to fix a number. I spent five months on a trip around the world and made it a

positive rule to take only two pictures a day, and I stuck to it all the time." It is wonderful how well one lives on these first-class trains. It was a fine, clear day. Near De Swett is the Flathead Indian Reservation. I was told that one of these Indians was quite rich and owned a herd of about 150 buffaloes, which he had crossed with Holstein cattle. The results were not satisfactory, as all the calves were barren.



NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. WEST OF SAND POINT IDAHO



PARADISE, MONTANA

October 27, 1912 (Sunday).



VERY cloudy, which seemed quite natural. I breakfasted early and was soon on the observation platform. At Forsyth we got a Billing's Sunday paper, which told us the results of the eastern football games. I talked again to Dr. and Mrs. Crossman.

He says that in Seattle there are about 3000 college men, of whom 180 are from Harvard, 90 from Yale, 60 from Princeton and 60 from Penn. There



MAIN STREET, DICKINSON, N. D.

is the very prosperous University Club, with its limit of 200 members, and the College Club of 300 members for younger men. To-day Seattle has at least 250,000 population. They took another straw vote to-day, men only. This was the result: Roosevelt, 20; Taft, 12; Wilson, 8; Debs, 1. The "Colonel" is very strong in all this section. To-day we followed the Yellowstone River for many miles. In the morning it was interesting to see the curious shapes of the sand pyramids along the route, and one at Sentinel Butte Station was particularly fantastic. Medora is where Colonel Roosevelt spent some time. Montana is the third largest State in

the Union, California being the second, which was news to me. This afternoon the route was through miles and miles of flat farming land. Cattle raising through here has been very generally replaced by wheat farming. After leaving Duncannon we passed more of the conical-shaped sand hills. It was dark when we reached Mandan, where we turned our watches on one hour. There is much dry farming through here. It is more economical, though the percentage of production is smaller. They plow the ground in the fall and plant the seed. It grows a few inches from the ground, and the moisture from the snow melting in the spring is sufficient to raise



DICKINSON, NORTH DAKOTA



MAIN STREET, GLENDEVE, MONTANA



GLENDEVE, MONTANA

it. This, at least, is the way that I understood it from Dr. Crossman. He told me of a German who had come to Washington many years ago. He lived alone with his wife and little daughter. He spent three years building a flume eight miles long to get water to his land. Two miles of this was over the side of a cliff, and sometimes he would make use of his little girl by tying a rope around her waist and letting her down this cliff with a board that had to be put in place below. Otherwise he did all the work himself. His ambition was to raise apples, and he now has 160 acres of trees bearing the finest fruit in Washington.

October 28, 1912 (Monday).



WE WERE due at St. Paul at 8.50, so I got up early as I wanted to see whatever was possible of Minneapolis and her twin city. To-day we left the Northern Pacific tracks and our train ran across Wisconsin to Chicago, on the Chicago and Northwestern. It is something over 400 miles, and the schedule time is 12½ hours. It is nearly

Tacoma who had formerly lived at Canton. She was making the trip alone, but seemed to be able to take care of herself. We amused ourselves by making various calculations. We found there were 41 telegraph poles to the mile, 2464 railroad ties, if they were two feet apart, which is customary, and 176 steel rails. This latter was told to us by a passenger. We passed a little station called Dalton. The brakeman came out on the platform and told us that the Weyeville branch of the railroad, on which we were running, had been opened only this year and went through little places, many of



KAUKAUNA, WISCONSIN

a straight run with few grades, and when changes, on which work is now being done, are completed the run should be made in much less time. These changes include double tracking and eliminating curves. The block system is also being installed. The country through which we passed was composed largely of small farms, much wheat and stock being constantly in evidence. All the settlements were merely villages. The country is flat. I talked with a young girl named Kerven, from Canton, Ohio. She had been on a visit to a school friend in

the inhabitants of which had never before seen a locomotive. At this point lived a family named Dalton, consisting of father and mother and nineteen children, fourteen girls and five boys, and hence the station derived its name. Sometimes the entire family would wave as the train passed, but unfortunately we were not so favored. We arrived in Chicago at 9 and went to the Blackstone Hotel, which, as I think I said before, is first class in every respect. The weather was a bit cloudy, but very pleasant and mild all day.



CHICAGO INSTITUTE OF ARTS

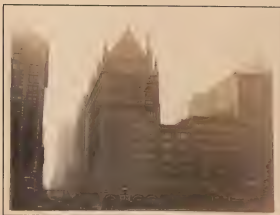
October 29, 1912 (Tuesday).



THE day was a short one, as I slept late and it was 1 o'clock before I made my appearance. I took my camera and went for a walk. The day was fine and I photographed some of the buildings on my way to the railroad station, which is old and inadequate. We took the Pennsylvania flyer, which leaves at 2.45. I was soon on the observation platform. It is a wonderful roadbed, straight, stone ballast and double track. Here there were fifty telegraph poles to the mile. Mr. Rosenbach, of the Art Store in Philadelphia, joined me for a while. The train goes too fast for comfort, and I was glad to go to bed at 9.



PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHICAGO



UNIVERSITY CLUB, CHICAGO



PENNSYLVANIA R. R. STATION, CHICAGO



CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R. R. STATION. MODERN AND BEAUTIFUL.

October 30, 1912 (Wednesday).



WAS up at 6. We reached Harrisburg at 6.25, half an hour late. From there on we passed through the fertile fields of tobacco, grown here by the Pennsylvania Dutch. It is a beautiful rolling country, with the neat farm houses in close proximity to each other. The roadbed all the way to

Philadelphia was perfect. We arrived at North Philadelphia at 8.20, and Potter and I said good-bye. Daniel was there with the car and Harry had come to meet me. I went to the Philadelphia Club, and the chef there said the birds were all right (which I doubt). I had my hair cut for the first time since I left, and then went home to a warm welcome from mother and Pill.



THE AUTHOR SHOOTING A MOOSE

ANDY PHOTOGRAPHING POTTER
WHO WAS PHOTOGRAPHING THE AUTHOR



ANIMALS WE SAW ON KENAI PENINSULA.

Moose.
Sheep.
Porcupine.
Rabbit.
Squirrel.
Mouse.
Black Fox.
Silver Gray Fox.
Cross Fox.
Brown Bear.
Weasel.
Black Bear.

BIRDS WE SAW ON KENAI PENINSULA.

Sand Hill Crane.
Wild Goose.
White Head Eagle.
Gray Eagle.
Raven.
Magpie.
Rock Ptarmigan.
Willow Ptarmigan.
Spruce Grouse.
Camp Robber.
Black and White Woodpecker.
Gray Woodpecker.
Red Head Woodpecker.
Snow Bird.
Mallard Duck.
Sawbill Duck.
Shag Duck.
Butter Ball Duck.
Loon.
Sea Gull.
Owl.
Robin.
Hawk.
Snipe.

COLONEL

Henry E. Revell, married, wife and two children. Born at sea. Claims State of Washington as his native State. Thirty-five years old. Lived in Alaska 17 years. Has been prospecting and hunting all the time. Lived in Seward since 1903, and before that at Sunrise. Is a big, fine-looking chap as bold and picturesque in his way as the country in which he lives. Is a great talker and intelligent, though he has not much education. Reminds one of a great boy in his simple-mindedness. He has black hair, smooth face and very good features. Is absolutely honest in his every idea. Would vote for Roosevelt or any one else of whom he approved if it cost him his last dollar, or any job he might have. He is a fine type of an American.

HENRY.

Henry Lucas, unmarried, born in Austria; 28 years old. Left home in 1901 and went to Kansas City and worked in the stockyards. Stayed there four years, then went to Montana and came to Alaska in 1907, prospecting and hunting. Has a smooth face and jet-black hair. Like all the others, he is very strong and covers a lot of ground. I think faster than any of them. He is always pleasant, and nothing you ask him to do is any trouble. Talks but little and then only on something with which he is familiar. He is rather a rougher type than the others (excepting, perhaps, Fritz); but he inspires one with confidence.

"THE BOYS"

whose tireless energy, good nature
and wonderful woodcraft made
the trip a success.

BOB.

Robert J. Beach, unmarried, born in Chautauqua, N. Y.; 28 years old. Left home in 1905. Went to Los Angeles and then to Nevada mining. Came to Alaska in 1908. Been prospecting most of the time. Rather tall, fat, smooth face, rosy cheeks and curly dark hair. Always laughing and in a good humor. He evidently prepared for better things, as he taught school for a year at home, and prepared himself for a college in Cleveland; but for some reason, which he didn't state, he drifted out West. Has a mother and father, brothers and sisters now living in Los Angeles. Would join them but wants to "make good" first. He remembers much that he has learned, and quotes poetry and literature in a way that makes me ashamed of myself.

ANDY.

Andrew Simons, unmarried, born in Finland; 30 years old. Came with his family to Seattle when he was 15. Father was a ship carpenter. He has been in Alaska 12 years prospecting and trapping. Is a nice-looking, little man with dark hair and brown mustache. Has heavy eyebrows overshadowing bright little brown eyes. He is as smart as they come out here, but has very little to say. Fritz says he is the best guide he knows. When he ventures an opinion on the various discussions that go on he is pretty sure to be right. He is the hardest worker, and nothing is any trouble to him.

FRITZ.

Ferdinand Poth, unmarried, born in Coblenz, Germany; 32 years old. Has traveled pretty much all over the world as an able staman in ships of different countries. Has been in Alaska eight years, prospecting most of his time. He is tall, with a decided stoop, and blond. Good-natured and accommodating, but very profane. He gives us good things to eat and makes excellent bread and hot cakes. Is very argumentative, and has little respect for kings, queens, emperors or any one of prominence, but is, nevertheless, likeable.

BOB BEACH

kept this diary after our departure, and sent it to me. It is reproduced here without change; together with his original letter.

Wednesday, October 16, 1912.

S. S. *Admiral Sampson* sailed from Seward for Seattle, 7.30 P. M., with Mr. Potter and Mr. Parrish on board. Colonel, Andy and Bob took dinner at the Commerce after boat left. Went over to hotel and divided the plunder. Worked Colonel for M. L. P.'s hat; now working for the coat. Cold north wind. Retired at 10 o'clock.

Thursday, October 17, 1912.

Arose at 7.30. Everything in Seward very quiet. Colonel went out to Mile 12. No eggs. No eggs. No eggs. Won a box of cigars that Mr. Potter and Bob were shaking dice for at the Seward News Company, the place where Mr. Parrish bought the books. Bob bought a new camera. Cold north wind. Retired at 10 o'clock.

Friday, October 18, 1912.

Arose at 6. Everything covered with frost in Seward. Had breakfast at the Commerce. Left Seward on car for Roosevelt at 8.10 A. M. Had light lunch at Roosevelt (Mrs. Roberts), and set sail down Kenai Lake at 11.50 A. M. Five passengers aboard the good ship *Bat*, a Dutchman, Mr. McFadden, Colonel, Andy and Bob. The two first named are going to work for Mr. Roberts on the drill. The drill is located near our No. 1 camp. With this drill they are testing for gold dredging. Reached Kelly Olsen's (Russian River) at 6 P. M. Bob reached the Cooper Creek landing at 3 P. M. Had mouse steak for supper at Olsen's. Snowing hard. South wind. Retired at 9 P. M.

Saturday, October 19, 1912.

Arose at 5.30. Ground covered with an inch of snow. Olsen taking mouse meat up the river. Left Russian River at 6.40 A. M. Trail very slippery, hard mushing. Mr. Hillman, a brother of one of the Kings County Company, came down as far as Stelter's with us to visit Stelter for a few days. Reached Skilak Lake, where we had the boat cached at 11.15 A. M. Had lunch and left for Kings County Cabin. Stopped in at Cottonwood to leave mail. Reached the lower end of Skilak Lake at 4.30 P. M. Reached Red's cabin at 5, cold, wet and hungry. The boys, Fritz and Henry, have everything packed to Red's tent, but have not reached here yet. Cold, but cloudy. Lots of snow on the grass, therefore wet mushing. Retired at 8.

Sunday, October 20, 1912.

Arose at 7 A. M. Colonel challenged Bob to a game of dice—his Mackana coat vs. Bob's camera. Colonel was to win twice in succession. Bob won. Henry said at camp No. 4 there was 4 inches of snow, October 19th. Retired at 9.

Monday, October 21, 1912.

Arose at 5. The ground was frozen very hard. Saw four moose above the cottonwoods. Cold, clear and pleasant. After supper Fritz and Colonel shook dice to see if Fritz pumped up the rubber mattress for Colonel for \$1 or nothing. Fritz won. Bob and Andy shook dice to see who would pump the other mattress (M. L. P.'s) for the winner. Bob won. Red's stove smokes like the devil. Retired early, at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, October 22, 1912.

Arose at 5. Andy and Fritz packed from Red's to the lake (Skilak) and Colonel, Henry and Bob went to Red's tent and finished the packing out to the lake. Going up near camp No. 3 we saw two bears' tracks. Colonel and Henry said that one was black and the other brown. They said they could tell by the shape of the track. The brown looked to be a medium-sized bear (said Colonel). While we were down at the tent about 1½ hours another bear crossed our trail. This one, too, was a brown bear. After supper we shook dice to see who would have the mattresses and who would fight the fire each morning. Henry and Colonel got the mattresses. Fritz is to pump them up and dry their clothes. Bob has to build fire. Andy took some pictures of Mr. Potter's trophies. Everything down at Skilak Lake. Ready to start up the lake. Expect to start for Seward in the morning. This morning it was very cold. Mud in the marshy places was frozen so it would bear a man's weight. A beautiful day—sunshine. Bright moon in evening. Retired at 8.

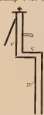
Wednesday, October 23, 1912.

Arose at 5. Left Red's at 8. Red went down to the lake (Skilak). We helped to pull his boat out of the water. Set sail at 9.30. Beam wind until we were opposite Dawson Creek, then a heavy head wind. Reached Cottonwood, the place where we took lunch, when we went down at 12. Camped at Red Strathcona's, Cottonwood. There wind was very strong, so we decided to wait over until the next day. Retired at 8.

Thursday, October 24, 1912.

Arose at 6. Had a fine breakfast and then started across the lake. Reached the mouth of the River at about 9 A. M. Reached Stelter's at 3.30. Stelter told

us that it was zero there that morning. Stelter is a very interesting old Dutchman. He was one of the Kings County Company. He left New York in '98 and went via train to San Francisco, where he joined the bark *Agate* (which had left Philadelphia with a cargo of coal, together with a part of the Kings County Company). Eighteen, he thought, went around the Horn on it. Two of the company deserted at Montevideo, to join the Spanish-American War. It took 128 days for the boat to go from Philadelphia to San Francisco. A part of the supplies were taken from New York, but by the time the boat reached San Francisco they were nearly exhausted. They replenished their supplies in San Francisco and set sail for the Yukon, some time in August. He did not remember, as he was on a big drunk in Frisco. He thought he would not want money in Alaska, therefore was trying to get rid of it. However, he did keep about \$100. When they reached Kodiak (in October) they found out that it would be too late to get into the Yukon, so they decided to go into the Cook Inlet country. They landed at Coal Bay, October 16, 1898. Coal Bay is in Katchamack Bay, in Cook Inlet. From there they started for Sunnise, and not Crow Creek, as Colonel thought. The party got as far as where we had our camp No. 3. There the party broke up and each one



followed his own desires. Not one ever dug a single hole while the party was in existence. Stelter is a very interesting character. He has here in a bottle about \$100 worth of gold that he took out this summer on Surprise Creek. He has a beautiful garden and fine vegetables he has grown. We had kale and potatoes for supper. He has a pump here that he made himself. It is a wooden pump. It lifts the water about 24 feet. It was made by boring a hole in a 24-foot log. The following is a rough sketch of it. The joints are so perfect that not a single drop leaks out. Very good for being done with a crude set of tools. Very cold. Retired at 9.

Friday, October 25, 1912.

Arose at 6. Had breakfast 7. Left Stelter's at 8. Colder than hell. Ice forms on everything where water hits. Passed old Steve's landing without any excitement. Got along excellently. Went into camp at 400, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below Russian River. Built a big bonfire and was very comfortable. Retired at 9. Every one slept warm except Henry. He slept in Mr. Parnish's bed. Every one got wet. Retired at 8:30.

Saturday, October 26, 1912.

Arose at 5. Very cold. Broke camp at 8. Took dinner at the drill (Robert's camp) near our No. 1 camp. Reached the upper rapids of Kenai River at 5. From here one can row a boat to the Cooper Creek landing, where we take the *Bat*. Colonel won the drinks (Potter cocktail) from Bob on the spelling of canyon. Camped at the Barabna, a little Indian house just below Cooper Creek landing, and on the opposite side. Retired at 8:30. Raining.

Sunday, October 27, 1912.

Arose at 5. Colonel prepared breakfast. After breakfast we rowed the boats up to the Cooper Creek landing. *Bat* started up the lake at 3:30, with our party and Mr. Abbott, the fellow whom the Dutchman, Glutz, was trying to kill at Russian River. Reached Roosevelt at 6:30. Had supper and then went up to Andy's. Retired at 10.

Monday, October 28, 1912.

Arose at 6. After breakfast Colonel started for Mile 12. We packed up the hides and started over to take the car at Mile 18. Reached Seward about 5. Very quiet in Seward. Had supper at the Commerce. Raining. Retired at 10.



SEWARD ALASKA

Jan 6th/13.

MORRIS L. PERRISH
Philadelphia

Dear Mr. Perrish.

I Received the things You sent Me. All .OK. and thank you ever so much for them. Gee I never though they made Dago Red or Cigars as good as that. I Drank one Bottle at a clatter and she was sure Class, that star Business is Fine and if you ever come up here again I will be able to tell you where Camp is without the compus the Children enjoy the Books ever so much and told me to thank you a Thousand Times for Rembering them. I hope the Trophies got Home in good shape. Bob is Down to Russian River Doing esement work on his Claims Andy and Henry are at 18. and Fritz is stopping at mile 23. I will send you your Birds in the spring I made a Deal with a Fellow to git me the Goose & Sand Hill Crane at the Chickeloon when they come in the spring the Rest of them I can git my self. I am carring the mail to Turnagain this winter I make two Trips a month so I am Buisy most of the time we had a fine time Coming up the River withe the stuff last fall it was fine Clear weather all the Time, the winter so far has been Mild, 14 below has Been the Coldest and that for a few days only. Kenei Lake has Just starter to Freeze over Now, My Wife is staying at 12 yet. I changed my mind about going to Town, well a fellow can always change his mind. My Wife will send you the pictures of herself & children Just as soon as she can git them taken hoping these few lines will find you and yours in the Best of health I Remain Sincerely Yours

H. E. REVELL

the Wife and Children send best Regards to you and Mr. Potter.

A letter from
Colonel to the Author

SEWARD ALASKA

Jan 12 1913

Mr M. L. PARRISH

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Parrish

Your letters I rec'd a few days ago and was indeed pleased to hear from you. I would have answered before but I was down on Kenai River doing work on my claim & did not receive any mail while there.

I am waiting very anxiously for the book to appear authored by M. L. Parrish.

We are having a very cold winter. The snow is deeper than usual. I am glad the heads & skins reached there all right.

I saw Col last evening & gave him the receipt as requested.

I saw Andy he said to tell you that he & Henry were raising hell. They are doing some work on a prospect near Andys cabin.

I suppose you quite frequently, in order to keep in good trim take your yager & go out under a maple tree & roll up in it for the night. Now would you not like to go out & siwash for a few nights? Great Nothing quite like it.

The wind is blowing here like all get out.

Bowden was going to send some magazines to me for old Red but he did not do so yet.

Col told me that you did not vote so we called off the bet. I'm sure you would not have voted for any other than Mr Wilson.

By-the-way have you been up to New York yet? I want you to call on Miss Ostrye at Perth Amboy when you do.

Mr Whittlesey left here on the last boat for New York & Phila. He got your address from me.

I have already bothered you with this uninteresting letter too long so will draw it to a close. All the boys send their best regards

Your friend on a bad trail

Bob.

P.S. Inclosed you will find a picture I took of your trophies at Col house as the dry was taking them away & one of Col's "Monks" it is not good I'm going to try again.

B.

Kindly remember me to Mr. Potter I liked the books very much many thanks B.

A letter from
Bob to the Author

ROOSEVELT

Jan 4 1913

MR. M. L. PARRISH

Dear Sir

Received yours of Dec. 7, was pleased to know that your Moose Heads arrived in safety. My Books arrived alright about the 12th of November. And I cannot express in words my thanks for them. I could not send you a list of the provisions we used on the trip. Because Brown & Hawkins do not keep cash sale receipts. But I am sending one as far as I can remember to be about right. I have not seen all the boys, but I met Bob, Beach & Col. Revelle and they send there best regards. I could not write to you sooner because I did not have your address until I got your letter, hoping you spent a Merry Christmas and the New Year happy, thanking you once more for the Books

I remain

Yours Sincerely

FERDINAND. POSTH.

P.S please give Mr. Potter My best regards

List we had.

400 lbs. Flour
150 lbs. Sugar
150 lbs. Potatoes
150 lbs. Salt
35 lbs. Bacon
40 lbs. Butter
28 lbs. Coffee
4 lbs. Tea
25 lbs. Beans
25 lbs. Rice
2 doz. Cans Eagle Brand Milk
10 lbs. Lard
15 lbs. Apples
10 lbs. Prunes
10 lbs. Peaches
5 lbs. Appricots
4 lbs. Baking Powder
1 lb. Soda
2 Cans dried Cranberries
2 Pack Yeast Cakes
1/2 lb. pepper
1 Bottle Vinegar

The List we should have had

400 lbs. Flour
150 lbs. Potatoes
150 lbs. Sugar
150 lbs. Salt
35 lbs. Bacon
40 lbs. Coffee
5 lbs. Tea
2 cases Milk
1/2 case Eggs
50 lbs. Butter
30 lbs. Beans
20 lbs. Rice
20 lbs. Lard
75 lbs. Dried Fruit
50 lbs. Cereals
10 lbs. Chocolate
2 lbs. Spices
10 lbs. Cheese
2 Bottles Vinegar
6 lbs. Baking Powder
1 lb. Soda
2 Pack Yeast cakes

A letter from
Fritz, our cook

The following pictures of Live Moose
were taken by Andy Simons,
when he and Potter were looking
for a record head.













